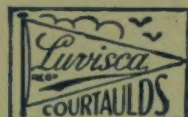


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SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1933.



**THE SUBJECT OF AN S.O.S. BROADCAST BY THE B.B.C.: THE RARE GIANT SQUID STRANDED AT SCARBOROUGH.**

An appeal by the Natural History Museum was broadcast, on January 16, for the return of missing parts of a giant squid washed ashore at Scarborough on the 14th. Some winter bathers narrowly escaped coming in contact with it. Dr. C. Tate Regan, F.R.S., Director of the Museum, said that souvenir-seekers cut off the ends of the two long tentacles and one of the horny jaws. "The squid," he added, "is apparently of a very rare type,

but the most valuable evidence as to its species is the tips of the long tentacles." Mr. G. C. Robson, Deputy Keeper of Zoology, said the squid measured 20 ft. over-all, including tentacles. Never before has such a large one been found so far south on the east coast. Squids, which are allied to the octopus and cuttlefish, vary greatly in size, the maximum length being about 52 ft. The Giant Squid is the largest invertebrate animal.





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

WE hear much in these days on the pleasant and fascinating subject of Humbug; and I am very much interested to observe that many people suppose that they are abolishing all humbug when it seems to me that they are establishing yet more humbug. Let it not be supposed, for a moment, that this is a mere slanging match; that I say humbug at random instead of rubbish or bosh; or, in short, that they and I merely disagree with each other, and express it healthily in mere vulgar abuse. I do mean specially a particular and definite thing, sometimes called cant or imposture; and they mean the same thing, only they think they are knocking it down and I think they are setting it up.

For instance, I find printed as the very latest news in a newspaper something that I have heard and read about for the last thirty years: the attempt to run schools with "the removal of all restrictions, the absence of discipline." I am not arguing about that part of the programme. I am not an educationist, thank God; I am not a schoolmaster, and I was not a great success even as a schoolboy. I know I succeeded in doing next to no work, even under the old discipline; and I fancy I should do none at all under the new absence of discipline. But that is another question. What interests me is that the particular exponent of this view, Mr. Neill, quotes one of his authorities as saying, "You really abolish only one thing, which is pretence." He also says elsewhere that he abolishes a good many other things: "We abolish respect for elders, abolish all stupid prohibitions about bad language and things like that which don't matter, and any attempt by adults to force their morality on the child." Again he says in another place: "The children do not honour me—they never call me Mr. Neill; they always call me Neill."

Now, that all strikes me as being obvious and typical Pretence. Whether Mr. Neill is pretending to be a little boy, or whether the little boy is pretending to be a grown-up man, it is equally the very essence and inmost vice of Pretence. The facts of the case are flatly contrary to this sham comradeship and equality. Mr. Neill (I refuse firmly and respectfully to call him Neill) is, in fact, a grown-up man who can manage his school how he likes, and chooses to manage it in accordance with his own very adult and rather sophisticated opinions. He is a grown-up man who can buy a house or build a school, who can purchase materials or pay salaries, and who has acquired a store of technical instruction, of which he hands out to children exactly as much as he chooses and in whatever way he chooses. The little boy is a little boy who cannot contradict the facts; who cannot change the environment; who cannot set up a rival school or a rival theory of scholastics; who must, in plain fact, be subordinate and subject, if not to compulsion, most certainly to suggestion. Mr. Neill cannot possibly get rid of the responsibility of "forcing adult morality on the child"; for if the child chose to put chemicals in the coffee, or plan a little murder like the schoolboys Loeb and Leopold,

that is exactly what he and anyone else not a lunatic would instantly leap to do. He could not escape the dilemma of discouraging or encouraging murder by explaining with dignity that his name was Neill, and that nobody was allowed to call him Mr. Neill.

The responsibility for generally over-seeing the sustenance, the hygiene, the diseases and dangers of a lot of children is a fact inevitably inherent in the fact that they are children, and that he is a grown-up person entrusted with the care of children. It is likely enough that, in a mystical sense, the child is nearer to the Kingdom of Heaven than any schoolmaster, old or new; but that does not alter the fundamental physical relation of the child and the adult in any possible kingdom or republic of earth. If the schoolmaster and the schoolboy were really



A CATTLE-BOAT THAT TOOK SPANISH EXILES TO AFRICA, IN CONDITIONS THAT MADE THEM TAKE THE RISK OF ESCAPE RATHER THAN ENDURE A RETURN VOYAGE IN THE SHIP: THE "ESPANA V.," WITH 138 DEPORTEES ON BOARD.



SPANISH ROYALIST EXILES AT THE AFRICAN "PRISON" FROM WHICH TWENTY-NINE OF THEM RECENTLY MADE AN ADVENTUROUS ESCAPE: A GROUP AT VILLA CISNEROS, RIO DE ORO, WITH THE GOVERNOR (IN STRAW HAT ON EXTREME RIGHT).

On New Year's Eve, twenty-nine Spanish political prisoners (officers and grandees of Spain) escaped from Villa Cisneros, a lonely outpost in Rio de Oro, on the fringe of the Sahara, to which they had been deported, with 109 others, mostly Royalists, after General Sanjurjo's rebellion last August. After tossing in the Atlantic in a small 100-ton lobster-boat for fourteen days, during which they covered 1800 miles, and endured great hardships and privations, they landed on January 14 at Cezimbra, Portugal, and proceeded to Lisbon. Among the twenty-nine was Prince Alfonso de Bourbon, a relative of King Alfonso. "The greatest humiliation we suffered," said the Prince, "was the way the Spanish Government sent us to Villa Cisneros. We were bundled into a filthy cattle-boat, huddled together without any conveniences, and treated like beasts or slaves. When we heard at Villa Cisneros that the same cattle-boat was coming to fetch us back to Madrid, we thought it was the last straw.

It was then that we resolved to risk our lives, but not to return to Spain in the cattle-ship 'Espana V.'"

nothing else except equals and comrades, they would instantly cease to be a schoolmaster and a schoolboy. The schoolboy might build the school, and Mr. Neill (now, henceforth, and for ever to be known triumphantly as Neill) might be entered at the school as a new boy. The truth is that all this talk of new methods, right or wrong, does not in the least alter the old relation, because the relation is a reality. The new schoolmaster may not be a Mister, but he is still inevitably a Master. I have no doubt we should

all know it, the moment the school caught fire or an epidemic broke out in the dormitories.

But the attempt to mask it by artificially eliminating a few customary titles and forms is pure Pretence. Those titles and forms are far less of a pretence, because they have grown up to represent certain real relations that do exist between the old and young, whether we like it or not. It is far more pretentious to abolish them, or to abuse them, than to use them. There are other cases in which this fad is now in favour; cases even more obviously artificial than the pretence that a schoolmaster is not a schoolmaster. Some object to a father being addressed as a father, and insist that his sons must call him Tom, as he calls them Dick and Harry. This may be in many cases a very amiable pretence, like any children's game of "pretending." The father may even like pretending to be a boy, just as the boy or child likes pretending to be father. But it is pretending; and, whatever it is, it is not the abolition of pretence. Fatherhood is a fact, and to call a man Father is to assert a fact; to assert a most primary, practical, and even physical fact. To call him Tom is a fiction, like calling him Tommy Tucker or Tom, the Piper's Son. It is playing a game, like the game called Tom Tiddler. I am all in favour of games, of fairy-tales, and, in that sense, of fictions. But children are well-aware of the difference between the fictions and the facts. Only the new educationists practically deny the facts, and then boast that they are abolishing the fictions. They ignore a practical fact like a father, and then have the cheek to pretend that they are abolishing pretences.

Of course, in all this credulity about whatever claims to be new, there is much that is merely narrow. The whole is pervaded by a queer prejudice; to the effect that we gain liberty or enlargement merely by losing the habit of respect for this or that idea

that humanity has respected. But we are not enlarged by that loss, any more than by the loss of any other sensibility to anything that is large. We might as well call it a liberty to alter or contract the eyesight, so that very big and impressive buildings looked like very small and insignificant buildings. If all mountains looked like molehills, it would not really be a liberty, and it would obviously be the opposite of an enlargement. If Mr. Neill be worthy of reasonable honour, as I do not doubt, I think it would be better, and even jollier, for the young people if they could honour him; and, in any case, it would be better to have some historic appreciation of his office; for it does not narrow the mind,

but rather broaden it, to appreciate the scale of antiquity or authority or learning. But, in any case, the fad is, in its nature, a fallacy. It presupposes that there is something progressive in the mere atrophy or abnegation of certain sentiments, of awe or gratitude or social memory, which go to the appreciation of any poem or any powerful work of art. A man may grow up deaf to these things, as a man may grow up deaf or lose his ear for music; but death and deafness are not stages in any progress.



## THE DE VALERA—COSGRAVE ELECTION: THE RIVAL CAMPAIGNS.

AS we recalled in our last issue, Dail Eireann was dissolved on January 3, and polling for the new elections was fixed for next Tuesday, January 24. The new Dail is to meet on February 8. The personal element is well to the fore in the election campaigns, which centre round the duel between Mr. Cosgrave and Mr. de Valera. Speaking at Kells, County Meath, on January 13, Mr. Cosgrave

(Continued in centre.



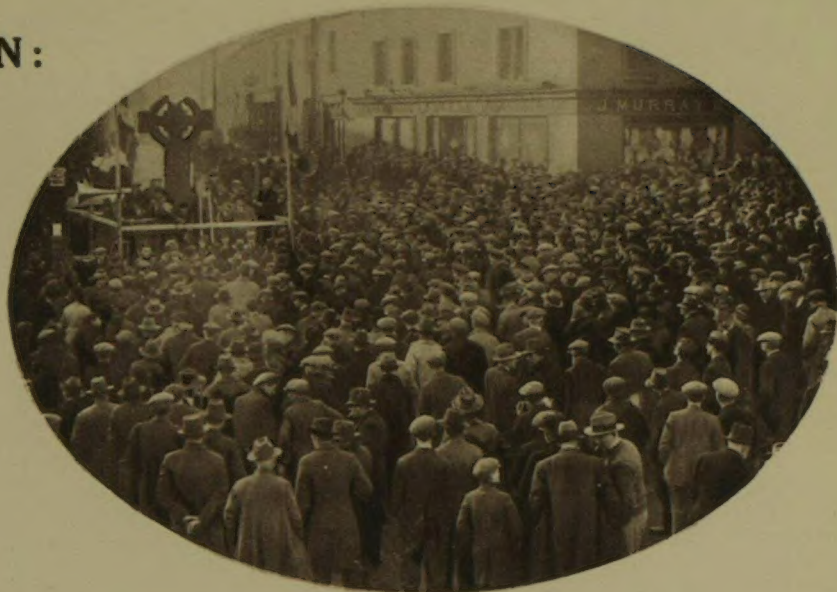
A REPUBLICAN MEETING IN O'CONNELL STREET, DUBLIN, BEFORE THE GREAT COSGRAVE MEETING ON JANUARY 15: MRS. G. MCBRIDE ADDRESSING A CROWD OF FIANNA FAIL SUPPORTERS.



A CROWD OF ABOUT 40,000 PEOPLE ASSEMBLED TO HEAR MR. COSGRAVE SPEAKING IN COLLEGE GREEN, DUBLIN: A MEETING WHERE EXTRAORDINARY PRECAUTIONS WERE TAKEN TO PREVENT REPUBLICAN INTERFERENCE.



THE SECOND CHIEF OF THE ARMY COMRADES' ASSOCIATION (THE WHITE ARMY), WHOSE MEMBERS WERE PRESENT IN FORCE AT MR. COSGRAVE'S DUBLIN MEETING: MR. GEROD O'SULLIVAN TALKING TO A POLICE SERGEANT.



MR. COSGRAVE (BENEATH THE CROSS; LEFT) SPEAKING ON THE LAND ANNUITIES AT KELS, COUNTY MEATH, ON JANUARY 13: AN INCIDENT OF IMPORTANCE IN HIS ELECTION CAMPAIGN.

promised the Free State farmers that if he is elected they will not only be relieved of last year's and this year's annuities, but in future they will be required to pay only half their annuities—a more generous undertaking than even Mr. de Valera was able to give. In making this promise, which was conditional on the attitude of Great Britain, Mr. Cosgrave was relying on his ability to settle the economic dispute on honourable and advantageous terms, beneficial to the Irish farmer. For

(Continued below.



THE CUMANN NA NGAEDHEAL LEADER, WHOSE UNDERTAKINGS ARE EVEN MORE FAVOURABLE TO THE FARMERS THAN MR. DE VALERA'S: MR. COSGRAVE SPEAKING AT DUBLIN.

Mr. Cosgrave's great meeting in College Green, Dublin, on January 15, elaborate precautions were taken to prevent a recurrence of the Republican disorders which, as mentioned in our last issue, marred the Dublin meeting of the previous week. Strong forces of the Civic Guard were in attendance, as well as numbers of the "White Army." The precautions were entirely effective.



A TALKING-FILM OF MR. COSGRAVE, USED IN HIS ELECTION CAMPAIGN, WHICH MADE A FAVOURABLE IMPRESSION ON ELECTORS IN SEVERAL PARTS OF THE FREE STATE; THE SOUND-REPRODUCTION BEING EXCELLENT.



# HUNTING THE MAMBA, THE LIVING DEATH.

By F. W. FITZSIMONS, F.Z.S., F.R.M.S., Director of the Port Elizabeth (South Africa) Museum and Snake Park; Author of "Snakes" and "The Snakes of South Africa."

THE black mamba of South Africa has been rightly called "the Devil himself," and to hunt down and kill an old snake which has become a man-chaser and stock-killer is a job which needs the steadiest nerves and a quick trigger-finger. When such a snake loses its fear of humans and becomes aggressive, it becomes a terror indeed to natives and whites, for it will haunt a patch of scrub or rock and attack without warning.



AN ARBOREAL SNAKE OF SOUTH AFRICA: AN ANGRY BOOMSLANG IN A TREE.

Like cobras, boomslangs have the habit of distending the neck into a hood when annoyed, but the effect is produced in an entirely different way. The cobra's hood is horizontal, and brought about by an outward pressure of the ribs; the boomslang, on the other hand, produces a vertical hood by inflating its wind-pipe.

I have helped to slay aggressive mambas, and know what it feels like to sit motionless behind a dolerite boulder, with the sun baking your back and shot-gun at the ready. On one occasion we had bribed some natives to beat with dogs the lair of a notorious cow-killer, and for what seemed an æon of time I crouched with every sense strained to the limit. The rustle of a branch, the flicker of a lizard, sent my nerves on the jump, and then, without a moment's grace, a leaden streak ten feet long whipped round the left of my rock, almost under my elbow, and was gone! The gun went off and a few pellets hit a Kaffir some distance away. Velling, he demanded five pounds compensation, but was pacified with five shillings, though the mamba had disappeared completely. In the early days there was no anti-venom serum, such as we prepare at the Port Elizabeth Snake Farm, available, and almost daily we would hear of the death of a Kaffir or of an almost miraculous escape from a particularly hideous death. Fatalities from mamba-bite were practically cent. per cent.

Parties were often arranged to hunt down particularly obnoxious reptiles, and in connection with one of these occurred one of the most tragic incidents I can remember. Two young farmers had been out and bagged a big mamba, and one suggested taking it home to show his young wife. So he tied a loop of cord round the corpse and dragged it back. On arrival, he slipped through the bed-room window, arranged the dead snake artistically on the floor, and then rejoined his friend on the front verandah. "I say, Mary," he shouted to his wife. "I've lost my new tobacco-pouch. I wonder if you would mind getting the other from the bed-room?"

Mary went, while the pair grinned at each other in expectation of a shriek of horror. Oddly enough, none came. Still they waited, but there was no sound. Then at last the husband went to the door, and found it jammed by some obstruction. Putting his shoulder to it, he forced his way in, to see Mary lying in a huddled heap, while facing him over the corpse of the dead snake was another and still bigger mamba! Snatching a pillow from the bed he warded off the furious attack which came instantly, while he yelled to his friend to bring a gun. Within thirty seconds a charge of No. 10 had whipped the evil head from the mamba's body, and then the husband caught his wife in his arms. She was quite dead. Bitten once in the face, she had evidently put up her arm to shield herself, and had received two more bites on the forearm. It was easy to reconstruct the tragedy, for it was the mating season, and the infuriated male had followed the trail of his dead mate through the dust until it brought him face to face with a helpless girl.

At one time I invited an Irish cousin to come and stay with me in South Africa, a fellow who feared neither man nor devil—save only snakes. We had joined in a real buck hunt where 600 natives were beating

the kloofs and forest patches with dogs, and the Irishman was posted advantageously behind a rocky hillock. Suddenly I heard a shot, then a second; a yell of terror, and he came flying towards me as though all the devils in hell were at his heels. A huge mamba had come weaving out of a patch of bush, and he, fool-like and forgetting that his gun was loaded with "loopers" (the biggest kind of shot), blazed away with one barrel. One pellet hit the brute, enraging it and causing it to charge at sight. His second barrel missed completely, and I had only time to give one short "Sick him!" to my terrier. The brave little fellow leaped to certain death, but it was either his life or my friend's. He shot past and closed with the mamba in the very nick of time, for even a fast-running man is outstripped by one of these brutes over a short distance. There was a flurry, and then the mamba was facing me, his evil head weaving to and fro preparatory to the charge. But the attack never came, and meanwhile I shot his head to pieces. Then I found the terrier, already unconscious and dying, lying with the snake's tail in the vice-like grip of his teeth!

Some snakes are arboreal by nature; others keep to *terra firma*, notably the sluggish, heavy, but very deadly puff-adder. Yet puff-adders can climb, as I know to my cost. When I was camping with a party near Port Elizabeth, a fire was made under a solitary tree standing amongst dense herbage, and with care we cut away the undergrowth and stretched blankets and bedding. At sundown the cook-fire was lit, rashers commenced to sizzle, and I was breaking eggs into the pan, when—flop!—a

large adder dropped clean into the frying-pan, splashing us with hot grease. Before any of us could move, down came a second—a third—! "Good Lord!" yelled the cook; "I'm seeing things!" Whereupon he bolted incontinently, while two further snakes came tumbling from the branches into the smoke of the fire! Then, as an afterthought, another brace made the bag to seven—a tall story, but as true as the fact that later I found my shirt sticking to my back with honest-to-goodness perspiration. What had happened was that the herbage was rank and cold, and the snakes had forsaken it for the upper branches, where they could lie and bask in the sunlight.

In my early days I had an experience which, at the time, I thought had given me a free pass to another world. I was climbing down a boulder-strewn slope of Table Mountain and, coming to a steepish bit, took a six-foot jump on to a ledge of rock. Even while I was in the air I saw that I was jumping straight on to a black mamba, the most dangerous of the species. Down I came, capsizing both the mamba and myself into a thorny tree. After what seemed an age I extricated myself in rather dazed fashion and began a search for the bite. In spite of the heat a cold sweat broke out on me and my knees shook. Here was the end of things, for I was miles from help. A slow, agonising death with no human hand to help me over the Great Divide. And then on my leather leggings I saw an abrasion, the mark of fangs, and a splash of venom! The reaction was even more violent, and now that the

crisis had gone I collapsed like a pricked balloon. I once knew a man whom I had seen under every sort of trying condition. He was a real "hard case," and a white man in every sense. We happened to go out after duiker buck, which had been preying on his bean crop, and he was dressed, as usual, in baggy corduroys held up by broad braces, with *veldtschoen* on his feet. He took up a position behind a bush in a dry water-furrow, while I was hidden nearby, facing in the opposite direction. Meanwhile a circle of Kaffirs with dogs were beating the bush. Suddenly I heard a throaty gasp, cut short as though a hand had gripped the windpipe. Turning, I saw a sight which sent an icy chill through me. A black mamba fleeing from the beaters had emerged from the bush, and, seeing the big, dark gap between my friend's trouser and leg, slid into it like a slaty flash. There he stood, the sweat beading his face, while I could see the ripple and bulge of corduroy as the reptile twined itself up his body. His

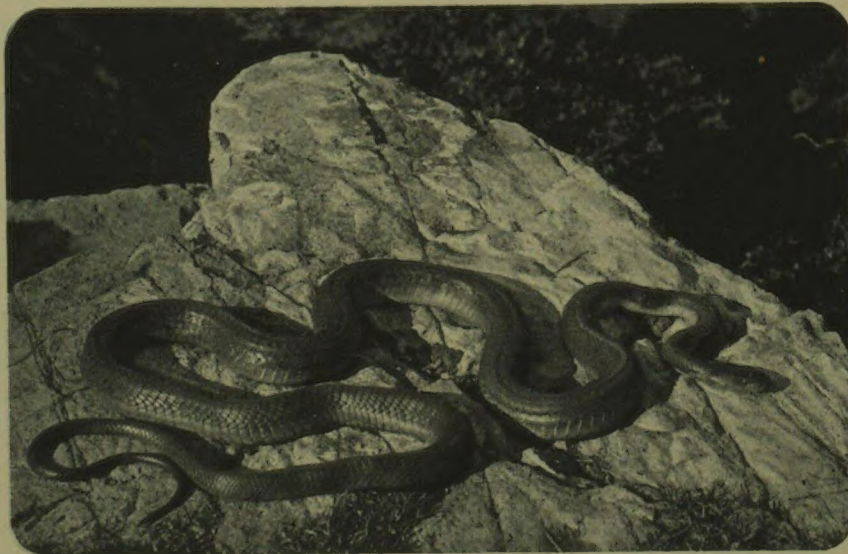


THE GREEN MAMBA WHICH RECENTLY BIT A GLASGOW NATURALIST'S ASSISTANT—AND IS NOW IN THE LONDON "ZOO," WHICH SUPPLIED THE SERUM THAT SAVED THE MAN'S LIFE.

The Mamba (*Dendraspis angusticeps*), of South Africa and tropical Africa, is recognised in two varieties, the black and the green. The latter is almost entirely arboreal; the former is frequently terrestrial. Recently, a green mamba bit a Glasgow naturalist's assistant, who was only saved from death by means of serum rushed to Scotland from the London "Zoo." The offending mamba, appropriately enough, has been sent to the "Zoo."

eyes stared stonily into mine, and to my dying day I shall never forget that look. Still he stood, as though frozen, and then, from his waistband appeared the flattened head of the mamba. It writhed out its whole length, twisted over his shoulder, and then shot to the ground, to disappear in the twinkling of an eye. It was one of the closest shaves with death I have ever seen.

Speaking of the action of the various snake-venoms, that of the puff-adder causes what is called hemolysis, and its usual effect on a human being is to cause such extensive internal bleeding that the victim dies of exhaustion. They are slower to strike than the mamba, but far more treacherous, and the mother snake gives birth to as many as twenty youngsters at a time. This occurred some time ago at the Snake Park, and I was given ocular demonstration of the danger of handling even a wriggling little puff-adder only a few inches long. In the moat surrounding the Park we kept a number of large carp, and one of the tiny adders fell in. His struggles brought the fish to investigate, whereupon one at once snapped up the tempting morsel. Within a few minutes the fish broke the surface, leaping about, rushing hither and thither amongst the water-lilies, and generally behaving as if it had gone mad. Still I watched, and very soon the carp floated belly up, stone dead. In the laboratory we at once dissected it, and there, sure enough, on the inner wall of the stomach was a purplish patch, proving that it had been bitten by the adder. The odd thing was, too, that subsequently three or four more of the snake's brood were also swallowed by carp, but it may be that they tamely allowed themselves to be eaten without an attempt at defence. At any rate, no more carp died. In spite of a certain amount of danger, there is no more fascinating work in the world than breeding deadly snakes in captivity, observing the reactions of their venom, and producing, by long laboratory experiment, a serum to counteract it.



THE DEADLIEST OF ALL SOUTH AFRICAN SNAKES: A BLACK MAMBA BASKING IN THE SUN ON AN OUTCROP OF ROCK.

In our article some vivid and terrible tales are told of the South African mamba. Once the writer himself, climbing on Table Mountain, came to a steepish bit and took a jump on to a ledge of rock. He writes: "Even while I was in the air I saw that I was jumping straight on to a black mamba, the most dangerous of the species. Down I came, capsizing both the mamba and myself into a thorny tree." Finally, on his leather leggings he saw an abrasion, the mark of fangs, and a splash of venom!



## THE CHAIN GANG EXPOSED IN A FILM: HARSH GAOL METHODS.



CONVICTS WEARING LEG-CHAINS THAT ARE NEVER REMOVED, AND LINKED TO EACH OTHER BY A CHAIN PASSING THROUGH A RING ON EACH LEG-CHAIN—IN "I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG": THE PRISONERS ON THEIR BEDS IN AN AMERICAN GAOL.



CONVICTS ON THEIR WAY TO WORK: IN A LORRY—EACH MAN WITH A CHAIN FROM ANKLE TO ANKLE AND LINKED TO THE OTHERS BY THE CHAIN PASSING THROUGH THE RING OF HIS LEG-CHAINS: A SCENE FROM "I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG."

"I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang," a Warner and Vitaphone film, now at the Regal Theatre, is causing a sensation. It is based on the autobiography of Robert F. Burns, who wrote the book "I Am a Fugitive From a Georgia Chain Gang," a work which brought him fortune, but, also, a threat that he might be returned to the chain gang. This threat did not materialise: a few weeks ago, the Governor of New Jersey refused extradition. In the picture,

the convict around whom the story centres is called James Allen (played by Paul Muni). How far the film is accurate we cannot say; but, as the "Times" had it: "It has an uncomfortable air of authenticity about it. Uncomfortable, because 'I Am a Fugitive' is a record of human cruelty at its worst . . . The convicts work in chains, they are half-starved, they are flogged . . . their minds are destroyed as surely as are their bodies."





THE AVIARY IN SING SING PRISON, WHICH IS CARED FOR BY A CONVICT AND IS A RESORT MUCH FAVOURED BY HIS FELLOWS, ALL OF WHOM ARE SELF-GOVERNED UNDER THE "MUTUAL WELFARE LEAGUE" SYSTEM.

## CONVICTS WITH WIRELESS, AN AVIARY AND A GARDEN—AT SING SING. SELF-GOVERNING PRISONERS IN THE NEW YORK STATE PRISON, WHICH DISCARDS PUNISHMENT.



A CHICKEN FARM IN SING SING; A PROVIDER OF NEW-LAID EGGS TO THE PRISON.



THE GARDEN IN THE CENTRE OF THE RECREATION GROUNDS FOR THE PRISONERS.



A PRISON FIRE-ENGINE, MANNED BY A CREW OF PRISONERS WHOSE EFFICIENCY IS ENSURED BY REGULAR DRILLS, PRACTISING A TURN-OUT IN ANSWER TO A TEST CALL AT SING SING PRISON, NEW YORK STATE.

IN view of the remarkable film, "I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang," which is causing a sensation at the Regal Theatre and is illustrated on page 73 of this issue, it is of interest and of considerable value to note the humanitarian methods adopted in dealing with convicts in the best-known of all the prisons of the United States—Sing Sing, the New York State prison. And, of course, it must be remembered that the film to which we have referred concerns itself only with one particular State. Our photo-

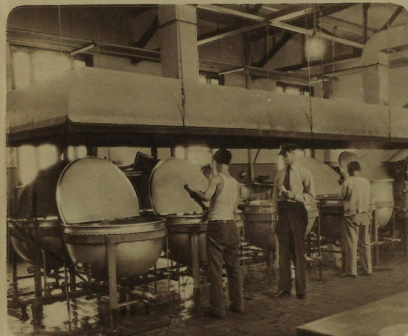
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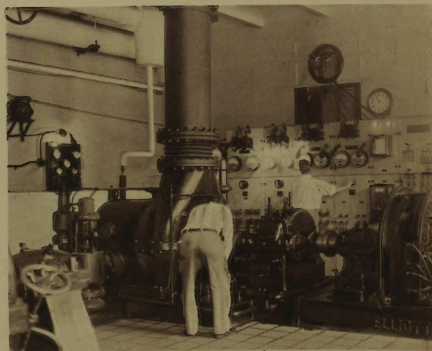
READING A NEWSPAPER AND LISTENING TO A WIRELESS PROGRAMME IN A CELL WHICH, LIKE ALL THE OTHERS IN THE PRISON, IS NOT ONLY FITTED WITH EAR-PHONES, BUT IS PROVIDED WITH A "SOFT" BED, A WRITING-TABLE, A WASHING-BASIN—AND A DRESSING-GOWN.



IN THE LIBRARY, WHICH CONTAINS WORKS OF ALL SORTS, FROM LIGHT FICTION TO BOOKS ON TECHNICAL SUBJECTS, AND IS MUCH FREQUENTED.



IN THE KITCHEN, WHERE THE FOOD IS COOKED BY PRISONERS WHO WORK UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF A PRISON OFFICER.



IN THE POWER HOUSE, WHICH IS MANNED BY CONVICTS WITH THE NECESSARY TRAINING AND BY THOSE WHO WISH TO LEARN ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING.



IN THE NEEDLEWORK DEPARTMENT, WHERE PRISONERS MAKE TROUSERS, SHIRTS, AND UNDERWEAR FOR THEMSELVES AND THEIR FELLOWS IN SING SING.



MEMBERS OF THE PRISON BASEBALL TEAM IN TRAINING, TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE RULE THAT ALLOWS THEM TWO HOURS' PRACTICE A DAY AND HAS MADE THEIR SIDE A DIFFICULT ONE TO BEAT AND ONE MUCH APPRECIATED BY THE CONVICTS IN GENERAL.

graphs are self-explanatory; but, to supplement them, we make the following quotation from the invaluable "Encyclopædia Britannica" on the prison system in the United States: "The most notable innovation in prison discipline is found in the work of Thomas Mott Osborne, Auburn, N.Y. Undergoing voluntary servitude in the Auburn prison in 1913, he became convinced that no extensive reformation was possible in connection with the system of ruthless repression and corrupt politics which characterise

(Continued above on right.)

but it proved remarkably successful when applied by Mr. Osborne at Sing Sing and later at the U.S. naval prison at Portsmouth, N.H. The plan discards punishment and concentrates upon the objective of reformation." In addition to the work shown above, prisoners may make boots, look after and sterilise Sing Sing's surgical instruments, repair the motor equipment, act as stokers, stamp metal articles, conduct chemical analyses, make paper containers, be printers, make brooms, brushes and mattresses, cook, tailor, fashion their country's Stars and Stripes—and so on.





A DRAWING BY ORPEN SHOWN AS THE MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM; TO COINCIDE WITH THE ROYAL ACADEMY WINTER EXHIBITION.

The drawing here shown was bequeathed to the Museum by the late Alfred W. Rich, and exemplifies not only Orpen's skill, but his unfailing zest and energy. It has the appearance of having been done as the holiday amusement of a man whose joy was in his work and whose hand could never be idle. A full range of his work is included in the Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy, and a large number of pictures by him can be seen in the Imperial War Museum.

Reproduced by Permission of the Executors of the late Sir William Orpen.



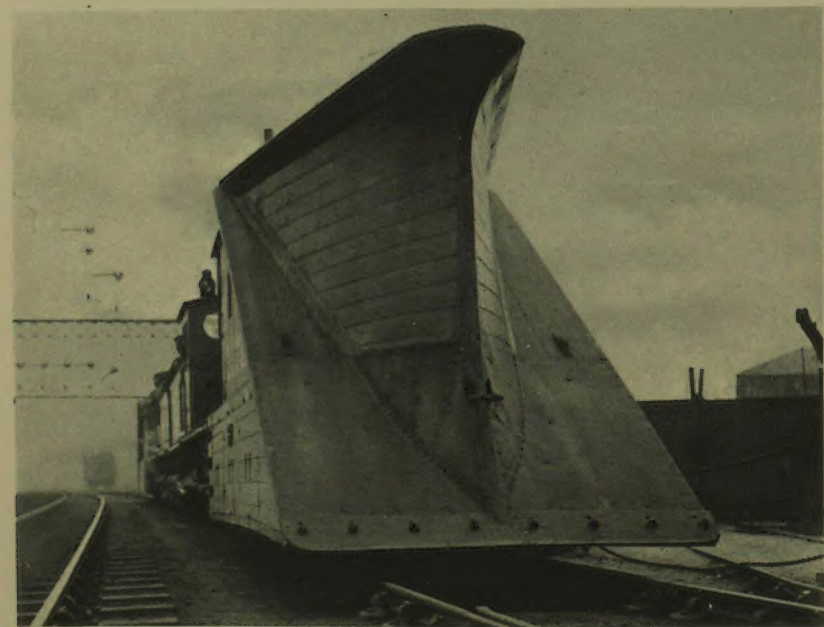
A FRENCH AEROPLANE WHICH CAUGHT FIRE IN THE AIR: THE BURNT-OUT MACHINE, FROM WHICH THREE ENGLISH PASSENGERS ESCAPED.

A French aeroplane bound from Le Bourget to Croydon caught fire in mid-air on January 13. It was saved from disaster by automatic fire-extinguishers and the skill of the pilot, M. Corsin, who made a good landing in a field near Poix. Three English passengers, together with members of the crew, escaped safely, and were able to resume their journey the next day. The machine belonged to the Air Union.



THE CASE OF THE R.S.P.C.A. LETHAL CHAMBER AT BIRMINGHAM: THE APPARATUS WHICH WAS SUBJECT TO CRITICISM, BUT WAS EXCULPATED BY THE MAGISTRATE.

The R.S.P.C.A.'s apparatus for the destruction of animals by motor-car exhaust fumes is seen here. The rubber tube on the left is connected with the exhaust of a motor-car, which is then started up. Containers purify the gas from the exhaust, before it enters a lethal chamber. This method was subjected to criticism at Birmingham on January 10; but the magistrate exonerated the R.S.P.C.A. and awarded them costs.



THE COMING OF REAL WINTER, AFTER A WARM SPELL: AN L.N.E.R. SNOW-PLOUGH OF NOVEL DESIGN READY FOR USE.

After a spell of exceptionally mild weather, snow has fallen in many parts of Great Britain. The L. and N.E.R. are prepared for the worst. The new type of snow-plough illustrated here is being prepared for immediate use at Bishop Auckland, Durham. In the winter of 1926-27 men who manned the ploughs were themselves storm-bound in the higher reaches of the dales, and special precautions are now being taken against this occurring again.

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: NEWS OF THE WEEK IN PICTURES.

As described on our Personal page, where we give a photograph of the royal couple, Queen Ioanna of Bulgaria gave birth to a daughter on January 13. Although, naturally, a son was hoped for, the birth of the little Princess caused great rejoicing. At 10.30 a salute of twenty-one guns announced the happy event to the population. Instruction in the schools was suspended and the children were given a holiday till the Monday.



QUEEN IOANNA OF BULGARIA GIVES BIRTH TO A DAUGHTER: KING BORIS, ON THE PALACE BALCONY, WELCOMED BY AN ENTHUSIASTIC CROWD.



THE ENGLISH AIRWOMEN WHO CRASHED IN THE KENYA WILDS: MISS PAGE, WHOSE LEG WAS FRACTURED (LEFT), AND MISS SALE-BARKER.

It was announced on January 16 that Miss Joan Page and Miss Audrey Sale-Barker, who were returning from the Cape to London by leisurely stages, had made a forced landing some forty miles from Nairobi in an area said to be infested with wild animals. Rescue parties in aeroplanes and in motor-cars set off for the scene of the accident. The two airwomen were brought in; Miss Page on an improvised stretcher.



GERMAN NOTABILITIES AT A RECENT MEETING: VON HINDENBURG, VON MACKENSEN, VON NEURATH, VON PAPEN, AND THE EX-CROWN PRINCE.

The German situation continues to be as complex as ever. Recently, Herr Papen, the ex-Chancellor, interviewed Herr Hitler, and it was thought they were plotting against General von Schleicher. Then von Papen interviewed von Schleicher, who, in turn, interviewed Herr Strasser, a leading "Nazi." We here show some of the leading figures of the German political stage, gathered at a meeting to celebrate the foundation of the Reich.



# Self-Illuminated Fish: Glowing Denizens of the Ocean Depths.

PAINTING BY ELSE BOSTELMANN; REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF DR. WILLIAM BEEBE.



**A FISH EQUIPPED WITH AN "OCCULTING" YELLOW CHEEK LIGHT, A LUMINOUS GREEN BAND ON ITS SIDE, BESIDES OTHER LIGHTS, AND A BARBEL SEVEN TIMES ITS OWN LENGTH: THE "SHINING BOW DRAGON."**

As in some previous issues, we reproduce in this number paintings of marvellous creatures that Dr. Beebe, (the well-known American scientist who broadcast from his "bathysphere" at a great depth in the Atlantic) has brought up from the sea off Bermuda. Describing the ferocious "Shining Bow Dragons," as he calls them (in the "National Geographic Magazine"), Dr. Beebe has written: "Illumination must be of the utmost importance to this species, for, in addition to the fin-lanterns, there are strung along the whole length of the body fourlines of light-organs, numbering in all one hundred and ninety. These are pale lavender set in frames of golden spicules and are all

directed downward. This is only the beginning of illumination, for on the cheek is a large oval organ, giving forth a yellow glow tinged with pink—an organ almost twice as large as the eye. Strangest of all is a long, irregular band of luminous, blue-green tissue, partly embedded in the skin and inclosing a considerable portion of the anterior sides of the body. This line is quite even, except at the front, where three or four irregular zigzags occur. . . . The cheek light glows continuously, but in the dark its interrupted flashing was due to the revolving of the organ into a socket of jet-black skin." The long tentacle, or barbel, extends from the lower jaw for a length quite seven times the body.



# Nature in Pantomime Mood: "Chinese Dragons," and Lantern-Fish.

PAINTINGS BY ELSE BOSTELMANN: REPRODUCTIONS BY COURTESY OF DR. WILLIAM BEEBE.



LIKE A NEW DESIGN IN MODERN JEWELLERY: TWO "ZEBRA SERPENT-STARS" BROUGHT UP BY DR. BEEBE FROM THE MID-DEPTHS OFF BERMUDA.



NOT THE IDLE FANTASIES OF A CHINESE ARTIST, BUT SOBER ICHTHYOLOGICAL FACT: SERPENT DRAGONS (*IDIACANTHUS FASCIOLA*) THAT CARRY A GOLDEN GLOW IN THEIR TAILS.

We reproduce here further paintings of some of the weird creatures that Dr. Beebe was able to bring to the surface from the depths off Bermuda. In the first are seen two "zebra serpent-stars." These star-fish are new to science, and quite strikingly beautiful. They came up on a piece of seaweed from a depth of eighty fathoms. Their arms are as active as those of an octopus. The weirdly-shaped diaphanous hatchet-fish derives this appellation from the fact that part of its body is so thin that the bones show through, and because of the hatchet shape of its young. In the serpent dragons, the illumination shifts from head to tail during growth; the young have enormous cheek-lights, while the full-grown fish



"SO THIN YOU CAN SEE HIS BONES THROUGH HIS SKIN": WEIRD DIAPHANOUS HATCHET-FISH (*STERNOPTYX DIAPHANA*), OF WHICH THIS IS LITERALLY TRUE.



ABYSSAL FISH WITH A DIFFERENT COMBINATION OF LIGHTS FOR EACH SPECIES: BRILLIANT LANTERN-FISH, WITH PATTERNS OF LIGHTS WHICH, IT IS SUGGESTED, MAY BE USEFUL TO THEM AS RECOGNITION MARKS.

develop a flash and a smear of golden glow at the tail. Lastly, we show here some "lantern-fish." These feed on small shrimps, which are attracted by their many glowing lights. It is even suggested that the pattern of side-lights may be useful as recognition marks for the members of the same shoal. In variety of species the lantern-fish (myctophids) are far ahead of any other group. Dr. Beebe, writing in the "National Geographic Magazine," says: "I have taken fifty-nine different Lantern-fish from my limited drop-of-water trawling area, this being over half the total number known from all the seven seas. They are small fish with splendid eyes, each species with a particular arrangement of light-organs."



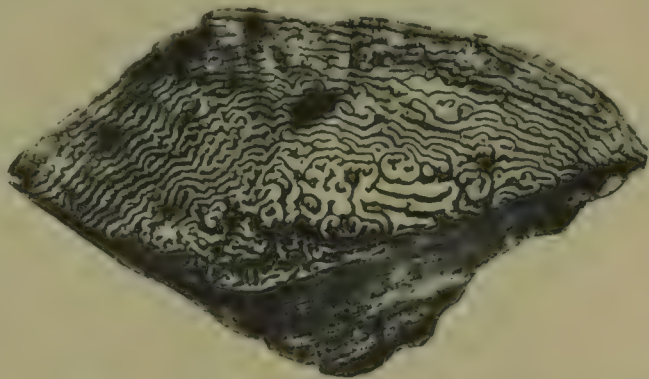
# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## TORTOISE-SHELL.

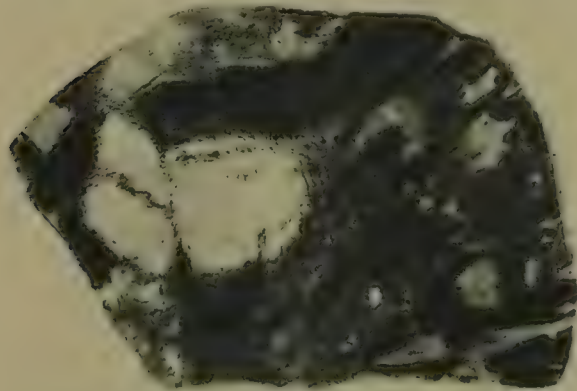
By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

THE other day one of my friends sent me some of the "scutes," or scales, which make up the covering of the shell of the hawksbill turtle; and I was surprised to find, on examining the under-surface of each, a most remarkable pattern, which looked as if it had been painted in Chinese white (Fig. 1). As yet, I have found no one who can give me a satisfactory explanation of these singular markings. Even if they are post-mortem effects, they are none the less in need of interpretation. Before I go further, however, it may be well to remark that these are the scutes which furnish us with that beautiful material known as "tortoise-shell"; though the unfortunate creature which furnishes these plates is a turtle, and not a tortoise.

But before going further it is to be noted that the turtles are marine creatures, wherein the fore-limb has been converted into a "flipper" resembling that of the penguins, whales, manatees and dugongs,



1. ONE OF THE SCUTES, OR SCALES, OF THE HAWKSBILL TURTLE (*CHELONE IMBRICATA*): A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE UNDER-SIDE, SHOWING THE CURIOUS PATTERN OF IRREGULAR BARS OF WHITE ON A DARK BACKGROUND, COVERING DEPRESSIONS OF THE SAME SHAPE, THE ORIGIN OF WHICH IS STILL UNKNOWN.



2. THE UPPER SURFACE OF THE SCUTE SEEN IN FIG. 3: THE BEAUTIFUL MARKINGS TYPICAL OF REAL TORTOISE-SHELL CLEARLY APPARENT, IN COMPLETE CONTRAST TO THE APPEARANCE OF THE UNDER-SIDE.

and sea-lions. It is a fore-limb which has become adjusted to the functions of swimming, and has been derived from the fore-limb of the tortoise, which has a curiously elephantine form—an adjustment to walking. Than the tortoises and turtles, it would be difficult to find a more striking example of what is meant by the term "adjustments," or of the effects of "use" and "disuse." For they can not be explained on the theory of "natural selection," nor of those mysterious bodies of which we hear so much nowadays—the "genes."

If the tortoise, indeed, had not become so familiar a creature among us, we should regard it as one of the most remarkable of living animals, since it is the only living vertebrate having the skeleton outside the body, after the fashion, say, of beetles and butterflies. The way this has come about seems never to have received, even from comparative anatomists, the attention which it deserves. It is not enough to record the fact that this singular anomaly exists. We ought to ask "Why?" and "How?": even though these questions cannot be fully answered. The shell of tortoises and turtles, it is to be remembered, is formed of a great bony shield, made up of symmetrically disposed plates, enclosing the ribs and spinal column, overlain by a series of horny plates, or "scutes," also symmetrically arranged, but independent of the bony elements. Now, in all normal vertebrates the spinal column and ribs are overlain by a thick layer of muscles, covered by the skin. The shell, or carapace, of the tortoises and turtles has no skin in the ordinary sense of the term.

We must assume that, ages and ages ago, the ancestral tortoise began to develop bony nodules in the skin, such as have been found, for example, in the hide of the extinct grypotherium. As these

enlarged, and interlocked with one another, so the muscles of the back gradually degenerated from lack of use, owing to the inflexible shield covering them. And these nodules were overlain by horny plates, which must be regarded as excessively enlarged reptilian scales. Finally, the muscular tissue having

become entirely suppressed, this modified, transformed skin, with its scaly covering, came to rest on the skeleton and to fuse therewith. The shoulder girdle and the hip girdle, which form the supports for the limbs, are attached to this shell by ligaments, and lie under it. To-day, no more than traces of the ribs and the spinal column can be seen when this shell is examined from the inside.

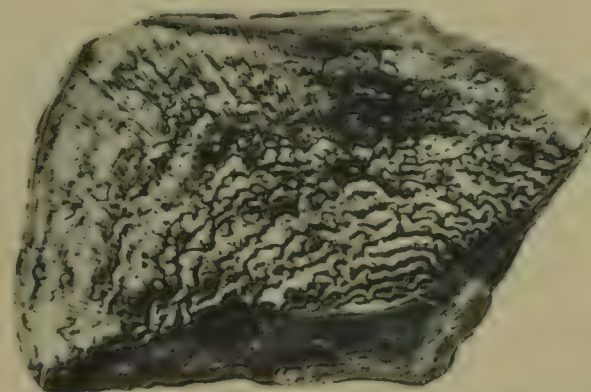
The skin of the grypotherium just referred to—a very

remarkable "ground-sloth" found many years ago in a cavern near Last Hope Inlet, Patagonia—helps us very materially to understand how a skin containing deeply embedded ossicles can be gradually transformed into a continuous bony carapace like that of the tortoise. For we find this process consummated in the huge carapace of *Glyptodon claviceps*, another ground-sloth, found long since in the Pampas formation of Buenos Aires. This carapace measured 7 ft. long and 9 ft. across! It was absolutely inflexible, but it corresponds rather with the carapace of the leathery turtle, or huth, than with the shield of the typical tortoise, which is built up of a series of symmetrical plates. But, in any case, these ground-sloths were mammals, while the tortoises are reptiles.

It is to be noted that bony nodules in the skin have been independently developed in other reptiles; as, for example, in those strange lizards known as "skinks," and in the crocodiles and alligators. But here, though interlocking between adjacent nodules may occur, they never form a solid shield. In the crocodile and alligator, flexible transverse joints cut up the shield into bands, hence there is freedom of movement and scope for muscular activity. It seems, indeed, hopeless to attempt to formulate a convincing explanation of the singular condition presented by the tortoises and turtles, for an appeal to the conditions which obtain in the case of that strange turtle just referred to as the "huth," or

"leathery turtle," affords no real help. In this creature the shell is covered by a smooth, leathery skin, in place of overlapping, symmetrically arranged horny plates. But the underlying bony shell is formed of an immense number of roughly hexagonal nodules of bone, closely interlocking to form a perfectly inflexible bony shield. But more than this. It does not come into direct contact with the skeleton; the vertebral column, or spine, and the ribs retaining their integrity as in all other vertebrates.

Some day we may obtain a clue to the many puzzling features presented by this giant among the turtles. For, while our museums possess very young specimens up to 3 in. long, no one seems as yet to have seen any examples of this species between this size and 2 ft. long. The fully adult animal may attain to a length of 6 ft. Hence it is surmised that the young speedily make their way to the open sea, and remain there until they attain to breeding-age. Being very alert, these sub-adult youngsters evade capture. Specimens of this adolescent stage might

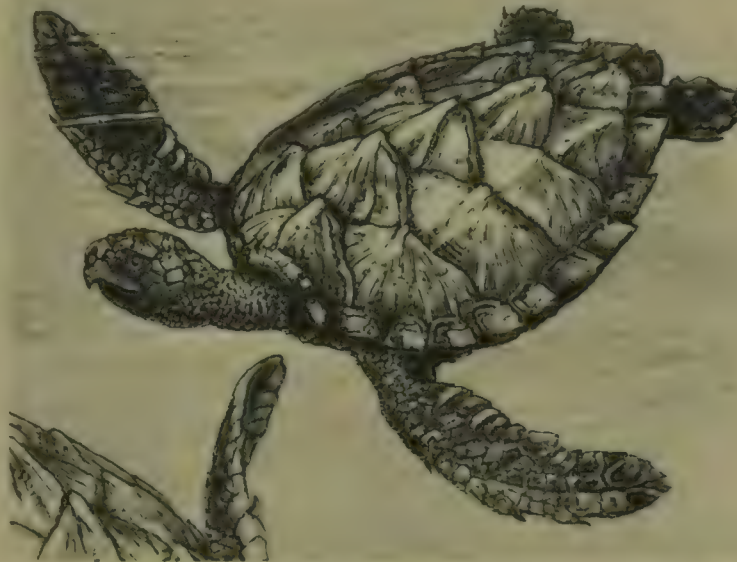


3. THE UNDER-SIDE OF THE SCUTE SEEN IN FIG. 2, SHOWING ITS PATTERN OF LINES DIFFERENT FROM FIG. 1; AS WELL AS THE SMOOTH, PLAIN AREA AT THE BOTTOM, MARKING THE EXTENT TO WHICH THE SCUTE IS EMBEDDED IN THE SKIN, FROM WHICH IT GROWS.

reveal much we are anxious to know, for all animals, in the course of their individual development, pass, more or less exactly, through the more emphatic of the ancestral phases of development. The embryos of the rough-tailed skink, for example, have the body marked by transverse stripes of yellow, but these disappear before hatching. We may safely gather from this that at some remote period its adult ancestors were similarly striped. Very young specimens of the "soft-shelled" Formosan turtle (*Trionyx*) have the back-shield conspicuously marked by four great "eye-spots" of several colours. These are lost before the adult stage is reached. These "soft-shelled"

species, again, often have the upper surface of the shield beset by longitudinal ridges containing bony nodules, which vanish before maturity. They are vestiges of a once inflexible carapace.

Let me in conclusion return once more to the scutes of the hawksbill turtle with which I started. These, in the living animal, give no hint of the beauty they reveal in the cleaned and polished state we know so well. The somewhat surprising thickness they often present is due to the artificial welding of two or more scales by the judicious application of heat under pressure. Even the shavings and leavings of the workshop can be welded and moulded into large pieces. Nowadays a more or less successful imitation tortoise-shell largely does duty for the genuine article; but this can deceive no one who has ever carefully examined it. In genuine articles of oriental workmanship these welds can be detected, and this is a useful guide for those who prefer the real thing to celluloid imitations.



4. THE SOURCE OF "TORTOISE-SHELL": A HAWKSBILL TURTLE, SHOWING THE PECULIAR SCUTES COVERING THE BONY SHELL.

Though inedible, the hawksbill turtle is ruthlessly hunted for the beautifully mottled horny shields, or scutes, of its shell, which are the sole source of the tortoise-shell of commerce. In its young state, the hawksbill may be readily distinguished by the way that the horny shields on its back overlap one another like tiles on a roof. With advancing age, however, the shields gradually become smooth, and meet at their edges instead of overlapping.



# THE MASTERSINGER.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF  
**"RICHARD WAGNER": By GUY DE POURTALÈS.\***

(PUBLISHED BY JONATHAN CAPE.)

THE adjective "prodigious," which has recently been appropriated to the life of Honoré de Balzac, might have been reserved for that of Wagner. It is a fitting subject for the pen of Count de Pourtalès, who has already shown, especially in his moving *Life of Chopin*, how sensitive he is to the inner turmoil of creative genius, and particularly of musical genius. The biographer of Wagner has a formidable task in attempting to penetrate through many distracting appearances to the inner world in which the real man lived. It was that world of the *daimon* which drew from him the cry when he was approaching middle age: "So far as I am concerned, the pleasures of life, of love, are wholly a matter of the imagination; not of experience. My love, therefore, is wholly mental; a matter of the head, not of the heart; and so I can but live a life of make-believe. I live no longer as a man, but as an artist. The man in me is wholly merged in the artist." The world is ever indebted to that realm of make-believe in which the artist is imprisoned; the artist himself finds joys in it not vouchsafed to ordinary men, but he also suffers perpetual agonies in his fruitless endeavours to escape from it.

While, therefore, this biographer in no sense neglects Wagner's intellectual significance, he is even more concerned with Wagner as the creature of sensibility—as is proper in a biography. To his delineation Count de Pourtalès brings a style which is subtle and elaborate, sometimes to the point of preciousness; and he is extremely well served by his translator, Mr. J. Lewis May, who succeeds quite brilliantly in the exceedingly difficult feat of turning real French into real English.

Wagner was born into a Europe which was turning hopefully from the nightmare of Napoleonism to the things of the mind and the spirit. Drama and music were in his blood: perhaps the most important experience of his whole life was his first revelation of Beethoven at the Leipzig Gewandhaus; for he realised instantly that he was destined to be a rebel in music. At the age of twenty-three, he was proclaiming: "We are not going to write like Italians, or Frenchmen, or even Germans. No more German stiffness, no more science, no more

some of the attributes of the great: he was grim, harsh, exacting, overbearing and unashamedly selfish. He was getting his hand in. Some laughed at him, and others trembled. He was voted a genius, but unbearable." Throughout his life he waged an unequal and despairing contest with Money, and never had the least hesitation in seeking aid from any and every hand. At twenty-seven, at one of the most testing periods of his life—when Paris had nearly crushed the soul out of him—he put his creed into the mouth of his Dying Artist:



RICHARD WAGNER: THE GREAT MUSICIAN, WHO DIED FIFTY YEARS AGO, ON FEBRUARY 13, 1883—FROM THE PICTURE PAINTED BY PECHT FOR KING LUDWIG OF BAVARIA.



REPUTED BY SOME TO BE WAGNER'S FATHER: LUDWIG GEYER, ACTOR, PLAYWRIGHT, AND PAINTER, WHO MARRIED FRIEDRICH WAGNER'S WIDOW WHEN SHE WAS THIRTY-NINE AND HE THIRTY-FOUR.

Soon after the birth of Richard, Friedrich Wagner, his father, died, and Frau Wagner, a year later, married Ludwig Geyer. They had been friends for many years, and scandal-mongers were not lacking to say that the little Richard was really Geyer's son.

Reproductions by Courtesy of Messrs. Jonathan Cape, Publishers of "Richard Wagner."

"I believe in God, in Mozart, in Beethoven and in all their disciples and apostles. I believe in the Holy Spirit and in the truth of an Art, one and indivisible; I believe that this Art proceeds from God and lives in the hearts of all enlightened men. I believe that all people may be made blessed by this Art and that it is therefore permitted to each one to die of hunger while confessing it. I believe that on earth my life has been a discord which will find in death a pure and a triumphant resolution."

If one thinks of Wagner's life rather as a drama than as a resolved discord, how rich it is in tableau and climax and "curtain" and peripetia! Scenes from this book stand before the eye as if framed within a stage.

Magdeburg, March 29th, 1836. The second performance of the second opera by Richard Wagner, aged twenty-three (a forgotten 'prentice-piece, the "*Liebesverbot*"). The jealous husband of the soprano has a stand-up fight in the wings with the second tenor just as the curtain is about to go up, and the whole cast joins in the fray! Performance impossible "owing to wholly unforeseen circumstances." So much for this absurd young upstart and his New German Music!

Three years later, he and his wife, no longer able to face their creditors, are stealing away like criminals from Riga. Together with a great Newfoundland dog, they hide in a moat and creep across the frontier, eluding the shoot-at-sight Cossacks, for they lack passports. Behold them next, on an ancient windjammer, struggling painfully towards England: stuck fast on a rock: nearly sent to the bottom in a hurricane. In such circumstances, Wagner afterwards declared, "began my poetical life": for of tempest and peril was born "*The Flying Dutchman*." And in his baggage, jealously protected from a thousand accidents, was the manuscript of an opera which, after ceaseless privations, was to make him suddenly famous.

Paris, 1840. He has come there with his long-suffering Minna to knock boldly at a door which must surely be opened. Nobody has answered. He has escaped starvation only by hack-work which is torture to him: and now even that has proved insufficient to avert disaster. Promises, compliments, from the great and the influential—but nothing more: his only faithful friends are artists as poor and neglected as himself. And now the final blow—a debtor's prison. It was at this moment that he uttered his *Credo* of Art.

October 20th, 1842. The curtain goes up for the first time on "*Rienzi*; A Grand Tragic Opera in Five Acts, by Richard Wagner." Ah, this is no "*Liebesverbot*"! The tide has turned at last: "Wagner went to bed a famous man." But it is only another of Fate's tricks. "*The Flying Dutchman*," which followed, was more coldly received, "*Tannhäuser*" more coldly still. The famous young man was not living up to the promise of "*Rienzi*": in other words, he was giving the public too much Wagner, and not enough Donizetti.

Wagner at thirty-five—the musician turned revolutionary! He, an official of the Court of Saxony, openly preaching the overthrow of kings—including, by irresistible inference, his own royal employer! An artist and a notorious "agitator"! This is one of the most singular episodes in his career, and can only be attributed to his love of the theatrical. Poor Minna had good cause to complain of his vagaries when, fleeing from arrest, he flung away the security for which they had both longed so ardently, and which was never to be theirs.

Wagner on the threshold of middle-age, unfolding to Liszt the plan of his life's masterpiece, "*The Ring*," which was to be twenty-five years in the forging. And from Liszt, the truest friend in his life, and father of the truest woman in his life, came the answer: "Apply yourself to your task, and labour with a will at a work which will evoke from us the same behest as was laid by the Chapter of Seville upon the architect who had been chosen to build the Cathedral: 'Build such a fane as, when future generations come to behold it, they shall exclaim the Chapter was mad to undertake a thing so amazing.'"

Paris again in 1859. Wagner is now forty-six: though his name is still controversial, yet it is a name of consequence. The city which once rejected him is now to see his triumph! Infinite care is bestowed on a grand performance of "*Tannhäuser*": no fewer than a hundred and sixty-four rehearsals have gone to its preparation; 250,000 francs have been spent on it. It is drowned in hisses, cat-calls, and whistles. A conspiracy, not of the public, but of musicians, has killed it, and the Jockey Club has arrived in force to show their opinion of a composer who would not introduce an irrelevant ballet to please them.

Stuttgart, 1864. Things have never been worse. There has been a brief season of success and opulence in Russia, but now everything

has gone awry again, and there seems to be nothing for Wagner but the extinction commended by his prophet Schopenhauer. Enter the emissary of the King of Bavaria, like a godmother in a fairy-tale, offering him fortune and hope in his darkest hour. Surely no moment in Wagner's life was more "dramatic" than this.

Wagner in Munich, the centre of a hundred feuds and intrigues: exchanging passionate rhetoric with his royal adorer: at the first performance of "*Tristan*," which is conducted by the husband of his mistress (afterwards his wife), Cosima von Bülow; and at Bayreuth, where at last his dream came true—"There were his temple, his dwelling, and his tomb": these are all vivid and unforgettable episodes in the drama which comedy, tragedy, and irony kept perpetually at a pitch of intensity seldom found in the lives of real mortals.

But perhaps the last scene is that on which we will most desire to linger:

"On the 13th January, 1882, while they were all at



THE INN IN WHICH WAGNER WAS BORN ON MAY 22, 1813: THE RED AND WHITE LION AT LEIPZIG.

deceptive Fugues. What may be noble verities in Bach or Handel, we've got to look on as absurdities in ourselves. We've got to take our own times by the shoulders and pound them into shape." He never relaxed that aim, though it was to cost him many a bitter fight: whatever the discouragements, the real sentiment of his generation was with him: for, as M. de Pourtalès observes, "throughout his whole career the public were on his side. His foes were the critics, the professional coteries who deemed that they had the exclusive prerogative of laying down the law on all matters appertaining to the arts." So original a youth was not likely to excel in the more ingratiating personal qualities. At twenty-six, "Wagner was not yet a great man, but he already had

\* "Richard Wagner." By Guy de Pourtalès. Translated from the French by J. Lewis May. (Jonathan Cape; 15s. net.)



WHERE WAGNER DIED, ON FEBRUARY 13, 1883: THE PALAZZO VENDRAMINI CALERGI, GRAND CANAL, VENICE.

supper, Wagner rose from the table, went up to his room, and returned with a voluminous parcel. It was his score: "There," he said, as he came in, "I finished my *Parsifal* just now." They uncorked a bottle of champagne. The Master opened the piano and played through the overture to *Die Feen*, his first opera. It was just forty-nine years ago that he put his signature to the last page of it, adding: "Finis, laudatur Deus." But now all he wrote at the end of his crowning work was just the famous initials "R. W." Death might come now; it could not take away all that he had created in the course of the fifty years that sundered Würzburg from Palermo, all that world of music which he had woven out of his dreams for a living, in a word, "the world that exists not." C. K. A.



# THE SNOW QUEEN RIVALS POMONA: HER "FRUITS" AND "FLOWERS."



THE FURROW IN THE WHITE GARDEN OF THE SNOW QUEEN:  
A SKI-TRACK.



FLOWERS OF THE FROST: FRAGILE "EISBLUMEN" ON THE FAMOUS LAKE  
AT ST. MORITZ.



THE LADEN BRANCHES: "FRUIT" OF THE FROST AND THE SNOW.

The Snow Queen's garden is usually a barren one. But it has its furrows and sometimes its "flowers" and "fruits"—strange, frail growths of inimitable delicacy, destined inevitably to wither before seed-time. Her garden is, however, not always dead white. For, as Luis Trenker, the author of the book containing



WINTER BLOSSOMS: "WATER-LILIES" FORMED ON THE ICE AT ST. MORITZ

these photographs, points out, "because snow can 'shine' and reflect light, there is such a thing as coloured snow. The sun bathes the snow in colour . . . green shadows are thrown by the red light of the *Alpenglüh*, violet ones by the golden evening light."—[PHOTOGRAPHS FROM "BERGE IM SCHNEE"; PUBLISHED BY NEUFELD AND HENIUS, BERLIN.]





### THE TRACK OF THE SKIS: THE TRAIL OF THE LONE RUNNER.

These photographs, as well as those on another page, are calculated to make many a belated winter-sportsman "homesick"! They are from a book of great interest—"Berge im Schnee," by Luis Trenker—which deals very exhaustively with every aspect of ski-ing. Mountains and snow—what an exhilarating

subject! "Each type of snow," says Arnold Lunn, "has its own temper, its own pace and its own dangers." Continuing the subject (in his "Mountains of Youth"), he adds: "The summer climber has, of course, to learn the habits of the snow, but he can content himself with a superficial and comparatively

*[Continued opposite.]*





### THE TRACK OF THE SKIS: THE TRAIL OF THE MANY.

*Continued.*  
elementary knowledge. He need only know when snow is likely to be hard enough to bear his weight, and yet not so hard as to call for the axe, and when snow is safe or threatens an avalanche. Moreover, his decision is deliberate. Not so the ski-runner. . . . For the ski-runner the snow is no

inert mantle on the hills, the shroud which buries those dead pastures which are waiting for the resurrection of the spring. It is alive with a multiple personality. He learns to love the snow as a friend and to wrestle with it as an enemy."—[PHOTOGRAPHS FROM "BERGE IM SCHNEE"; PUBLISHED BY NEUFELD & HENIUS, BERLIN.]





FIG. 1. THE INFANT HARPOCRATES SEATED ON A LOTUS: AN IVORY MEDALLION—THE WHIP (IN RIGHT HAND), CROWN, PETALS, AND LEAVES (IN LEFT HAND); TRACES OF GOLD FOIL AND COLOURED GLASS (ACTUAL SIZE).



FIG. 2. WINGED FIGURES OF ISIS AND NEPHTHYS FLANKING THE ZET (SYMBOL OF OSIRIS) RESTING ON AN INVERTED LOTUS: AN IVORY PLAQUE IN LOW RELIEF—DECORATION DERIVED FROM EGYPTIAN SOURCES (ACTUAL SIZE).



FIG. 5. AN IVORY PLAQUE: DECORATIVE PATTERN OF CONVENTIONALISED SACRED TREES (ACTUAL SIZE).

1.—The hill of Samaria occupies a wonderful position commanding the great road which runs to the north from Jerusalem. Eighteen miles away to the west the sea is visible and the place looks an ideal site for the capital. But it has one great drawback: there are no springs of running water, and, until a few years ago, when water was conducted thither by a British officer, the inhabitants depended on cisterns. This probably is why it was unimportant in very early days. We found traces of a small settlement of the Early Bronze Age, say, 2500 B.C., but it was not until about 880 B.C. that it became a great city. The hill was then bought by Omri, who built the place and no doubt provided reservoirs, of which many remain. The Bible says that "he did worse than all that were before him," but he seems to have been one of the greatest kings of the Northern Kingdom: the Assyrians long called his country the land of Omri and described Jehu as a son of Omri, though it was Jehu who exterminated his dynasty. Omri ruled about six years in Samaria. His son, Ahab, who succeeded him, and Ahab's wife, Jezebel, are two of the best-known characters in the Old Testament. Ahab was famous, among other things, for his "house of ivory," and it is to Omri and Ahab that the finest buildings at Samaria have been ascribed.

No doubt rightly, attributed, though corroborative inscriptions are lacking. Assyrian records prove that Ahab was one of the most powerful rulers of the time, and these buildings are without parallel in contemporary Palestine. The first traces of them were discovered by a Harvard University Expedition, under Dr. Reiner, over twenty years ago. Dr. Reiner worked at the west end of the hill and found, deeply buried under a temple built about 25 B.C. by Herod the Great, remains of much finer buildings standing in a great walled courtyard then supposed to cover about 1½ acres. For the last two years the Joint Expedition has been exploring the summit further east, and it now appears that the court must have covered 7 or 8 acres at least, for we have not yet reached the eastern end. On the north this court was defended by a great cased wall. The foundations of these casemates were laid in trenches excavated in the rock, and, though almost all the stones have disappeared, the red clay guiding lines drawn by the Israeli engineers to mark where the trench should run are still visible; these red lines were made by flicking a string covered with red paint against the face of the rock. Of the Israeli wall at this point, only these rock trenches and a few foundation-stones remain; another great wall was built six or seven hundred years later, largely with Israeli stones, by one of the Hellenistic kings, and other Israeli stones were removed by Herod. Our photograph (Fig. 6) shows the wall on the south side. At this point there were no casemates; instead there is a prodigiously massive wall, 10 to 11 ft. thick, built on a ledge scarped out from the rock, and composed entirely of cut stones averaging 3 to 4 ft. long. The facing stones were carefully dressed with margins on three sides, the jointing was very fine, and the bonding between courses carefully executed throughout. Samaria held out



FIG. 6. THE SOUTH WALL OF THE PALACE COURT AT SAMARIA: (FOREGROUND) A MASSIVE WALL OF CUT STONES, ASSIGNED TO AHAB; (ON RIGHT, ABOVE ROCK SCARPS) REMAINS OF FIRST WALL ASCRIBED TO OMRI; BOTH WALLS HAVING MARGINAL DRAFTS ON THE FACING STONES.

for three years against Assyria, the greatest military power of the day, and with these walls before us can we be surprised? Above this wall are traces of an earlier one, perhaps the first wall of Omri, the more massive one below it being that of Ahab. It was on the summit near the northern enclosure wall that the ivory plaques shown in Figs. 1-5 and 9 were found. These ivories are the most charming examples of miniature art found on an Israeli site, and the discovery made a sensation in Palestine. The ivories are of special local interest, because they were found near the spot where Ahab's "house of ivory" must have stood, and also recall so closely descriptions of decoration in Solomon's temple. There are two different styles. The most attractive, perhaps, are those in very low relief, with coloured inlays and gold leaf, like the changed enamel; the figures on these are derived from Egyptian sources, the infant Harpocrates (Fig. 1), Isis and Nephtys (Fig. 2), Hah (Fig. 3), and so forth, figures very popular all over the Mediterranean from Italy to the Levant early in the first millennium B.C. It is on the ivories of the second style, many of them in pierced or open relief, that Syrian elements are more marked and subjects mentioned in accounts of Solomon's temple, cherubim or sphinxes (Fig. 4), lions and bulls (Fig. 5), palms, open flowers, and lily work. Some of these ivories may have been let into the palace wallscotting, which might account for the name of Ahab's "house of ivory," but more probably most of our pieces decorated beds or thrones or caskets. Solomon, it will be remembered, had an ivory throne; Amos refers to ivory couches, and they figure also in inventories of spoil taken from Syrian towns by the Assyrians. Two other collections of ivories found in the Near East are closely related to those from Samaria.

One is the collection made at Tell Nimrud by Layard over eighty years ago. These ivories, now in the British Museum, include pieces so like our first group that there can be little doubt they came from the same workshop; another small series from Nimrud is almost as close to our second group. The other collection is in the Louvre. It consists of ivories found in 1928 by a French Expedition at Arslan-Tash, in North Syria, and evidently, from their position, most of them came from the framework of a bed. This collection contains no examples of our first style, but many of the second; they are larger



FIG. 9. PART OF AN IVORY PLAQUE IN PIERCED RELIEF: A BULL ATTACKED BY A GIBBLED (AND THEREFORE FORMERLY CAPTIVE) LION, RECALLING A HARNESSED JASPER LION FROM TELL EL-AMARNA—A DECORATIVE MOTIVE ASSOCIATED WITH SOLOMON'S TEMPLE (ACTUAL SIZE).

## "THE IVORY HOUSE WHICH HE MADE": CHURCH SAID TO CONTAIN JOHN THE BAPTIST'S HEAD.

PALESTINE EXPLORATION FUND, BRITISH ACADEMY, BRITISH SCHOOL OF ARCHAEOLOGY IN JERUSALEM, AND HERBET UNIVERSITY.

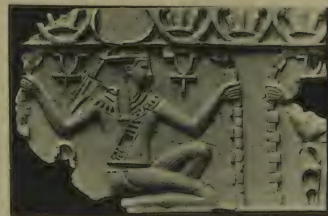


FIG. 3. THE EGYPTIAN MAN HOLDING IN EACH HAND THE SYMBOL FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS, FROM WHICH HANGS AN ANKH, SIGN OF LIFE: ONE OF A ROW OF SIMILAR FIGURES (ACTUAL SIZE).

II.—A splendid city rose on the same site under the Roman Empire, but later the place sank into obscurity, and little now remains above ground. It was only visited by pilgrims to the supposed tomb or prison of John the Baptist. Of Christian buildings, only the great cathedral which the Crusaders built above this tomb was known before our work. We were fortunate in discovering a second church dedicated to S. John the Baptist. It was completely buried, although the walls are still over 12 ft. high, and we came upon it where we were hoping to find the Israeli city wall! This church belonged to a Greek monastery

and contained a crypt where, according to local legend, Herodias, the mother of Salome, hid the head of S. John. The church was visited in 1185 A.D. by a Cretan pilgrim named John Phocas, and it is his account which enabled us to identify the place. He says that it was a domed building, and that to left of the altar stood a little chapel above a deep pit where the precious head, "honoured by angels," was first found in the hole where Herodias had buried it. Fallen stones proved that the church was uncovered was domed, and to left of the altar were remains of a second dome covering a small chapel; under the chapel was a crypt approached by steps (Fig. 8), and on the east wall of the crypt fragments of a very interesting painting (Fig. 7). This painting has suffered grievously and the face of S. John has been wilfully destroyed, but the colours are bright and one can still make out the subject. There were four separate pictures: on either side of a central niche were the kneeling angels mentioned by

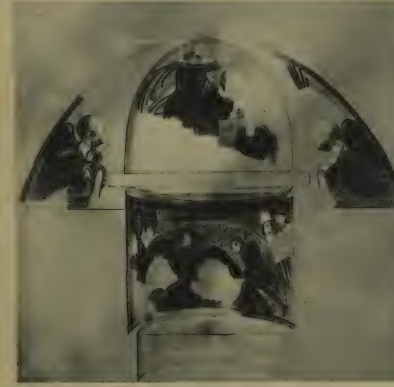


FIG. 7. REMAINS OF A WALL-PAINTING IN THE CRYPT OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST'S CHURCH, DISCOVERED BY THE EXPEDITION AT SAMARIA: (ABOVE) THE BEHEADING; (BELOW) FINDING THE BURIED HEAD.

Phocas; the niche was divided into two parts: above was the martyrdom of S. John; a soldier dressed in scarlet with outstretched arm is on the left, and there are remains of the Saint kneeling before him. The picture below represents the "Invention" or discovery of the Baptist's head; the scene takes place on a green dome-shaped hill covered with flowers, representing the hill of Samaria; two figures dressed in red are digging, and between them is a great black excavation, where the shining head of the Baptist was once painted, but nothing now is left except part of his halo. Mediaeval paintings are very rare in Palestine, and this painting,



FIG. 10. A PAIR OF LIONS CARVED IN THE ROUND FROM IVORY FOUND AT SAMARIA: FIGURES WHICH MAY PERHAPS HAVE DECORATED THE ARMS OR SOME OTHER PART OF A THRONE—EACH HAVING IN THE LION'S BACK AN OBLONG SLOT, BUT NOTHING TO SHOW WHAT WAS INSERTED EITHER IN THE SLOT OR IN THE HOLES ON EACH SIDE (ACTUAL SIZE).



FIG. 4. A CHERUB SPHINX WITH CROWN DERIVED FROM THE EGYPTIAN DOUBLE CROWN, AND PATTERNED SKIRT AS IN A NIMRUD EXAMPLE: AN IVORY IN PIERCED RELIEF, WITH CONVENTIONAL PAPYRUS (ACTUAL SIZE).



FIG. 8. STEPS TO THE CRYPT IN ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST'S CHURCH, SAMARIA: A VIEW FROM THE CRYPT, SHOWING (UPPER RIGHT) INCISED CROSSES LIKE THOSE IN THE HOLY SEPULCHRE, JERUSALEM, NEAR THE SPOT WHERE HELENA FOUND THE CROSS.

which probably belongs to the twelfth century, is a unique representation of the discovery of a famous relic. Unfortunately, the story of the connection of S. John with Samaria is not an early legend; it dates probably from the second quarter of the fourth century, and arose, apparently, from a confusion between Herod the Great, who rebuilt the town, and Herod Antipas the Tetrarch, his son, who beheaded the Baptist, but had no jurisdiction whatever in Samaria.

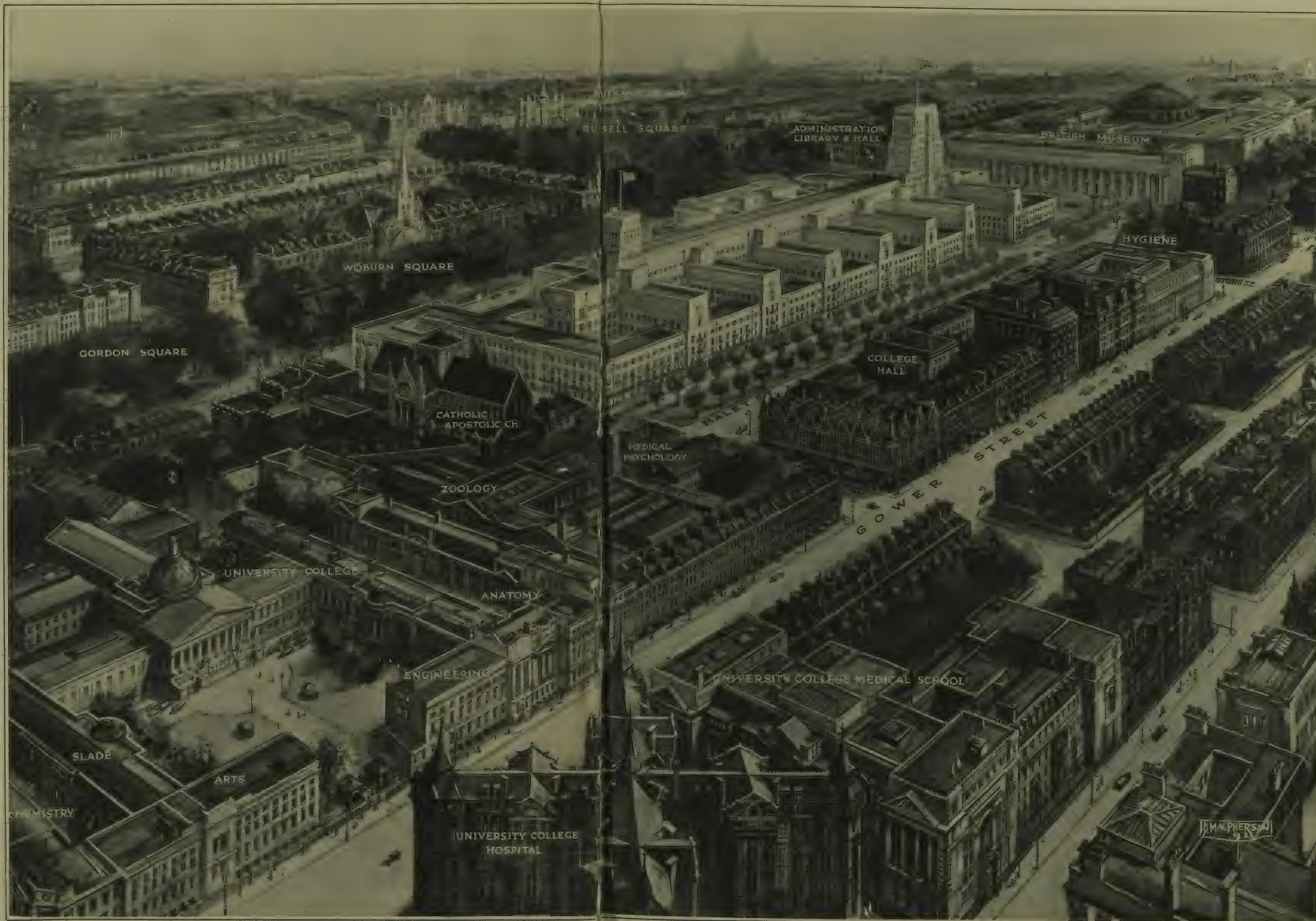
PHOTOGRAPHS OF IVORIES, ALL REPRODUCED IN ACTUAL SIZE (Figs. 1-5 AND 9-10), AND OF THE CRYPT, BY J. SCHWED, OF JERUSALEM. FIG. 7 FROM A STUDY BY MISS MURIEL DENTON.



# LONDON AS A UNIVERSITY CITY: A GREAT TEMPLE OF LEARNING TO ARISE IN BLOOMSBURY.

Drawn specially for "The Illustrated London News" by Douglas Macpherson, under the personal supervision of the architect, Mr. Charles Holden, F.R.I.B.A. (See article on page 88.)

THE wonderful growth of the University of London, in less than a century, from a small examining body to a great teaching institution with over 11,000 students, is outlined in an article on page 88, which also describes the scheme for the creation in Bloomsbury of a magnificent new central home for the University. The projected block of buildings, designed by that distinguished architect, Mr. Charles Holden, F.R.I.B.A., is here illustrated (in a lighter shade in the middle of the picture) as it will appear on completion. The preliminary work has been begun, excavations will start in the next few weeks, and the foundation-stone ceremony, it is hoped, will take place this summer. The first buildings erected will be the Senate House and administrative offices and the Courtauld Institute of Art. The whole vast undertaking will probably take twenty or thirty years to finish, but much progress is expected by 1936, the University's centenary year. In the opinion of the Principal, Dr. Edwin Diller, the total cost is likely to be between £2,000,000 and £3,000,000. Of the £500,000 required for the purchase of the site, £400,000 was provided by the Rockefeller Foundation. The Corporation of London, it was recently reported, was recommended by the committee concerned to grant £100,000 for building the Great Hall. Mr. Samuel Courtauld provided £70,000 towards the Courtauld Institute, and the Goldsmiths' Company £50,000 towards the Library, while generous support has been received from other City Companies, the London County Council, and Lord Duveen. As our drawing shows, the Bloomsbury site, covering about 10½ acres, is ideally suited for the purpose by its central situation, wooded spaciousness, and buildings, such as University College, already associated with the University, as well as by the proximity of the British Museum. The back of the Museum, which the University main entrance will face, is seen in the upper right background, and the dome, in the distance, of course, is St. Paul's. The new buildings between Woburn Square and Malet Street will eventually obliterate Torrington Square. One of the houses in this square, towards the northern end, was formerly the home of Christina Rossetti.



A MAGNIFICENT NEW HOME FOR THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: A PICTORIAL PANORAMA SHOWING THE PROJECTED BUILDINGS WHOSE FOUNDATION-STONE WILL PROBABLY BE LAID THIS SUMMER.



# LONDON'S UNIVERSITY AND ITS NEW HOME:

COMING GLORIES OF THE BLOOMSBURY SITE: THE FULFILMENT OF A POET'S SUGGESTION MADE NEARLY A CENTURY AGO.

(See Illustration on Pages 86 and 87).



THE COAT OF ARMS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON, GRANTED IN 1838.

The heraldic description reads: "Argent, the Cross of St. George, thereon the Union Rose irradiated and ensigned with the imperial crown Proper, a Chief Azure thereon an open book also Proper clasps Or." The cross is red on a silver background, while that of the book at the top is blue.

legal and social, which are associated with Jeremy Bentham. The project was first mooted in 1825, in an open letter to Brougham in the *Times* by the poet Thomas Campbell, but it was not until Nov. 28, 1836 that the University received its first charter from William IV. In the famous words of this charter, the new University was "to hold forth to all classes and denominations of our faithful subjects, without any distinction whatsoever, an encouragement for pursuing a regular and liberal course of education."

The functions of the University were at first limited to those of a Board of Examiners. As an examining body it was generally admitted to have discharged its duties with conspicuous success, and within this relatively narrow sphere it acquired a high reputation and influenced in many ways the development of education not only in the British Isles, but in the Empire overseas. It was the first among Universities to give recognition to English as a subject of university study; it founded the first Faculty of Science in England, and as long ago as 1878 it threw open its degrees to women on equal terms with men.

Towards the end of last century various proposals were put forward for the organisation of the academic resources of the Metropolis and the establishment of a University which should not be limited to examining, but should also be a teaching University and a great seat of learning, corresponding in its size and resources to the wealth and imperial position of the largest city in the world. The outcome of many discussions and more than one Royal Commission was finally the re-birth in 1900 of the University in its present form. This was brought about by the federation in the University of most of the institutions in and about London engaged in work of a University standard, and to the duties of an examining body were added those of co-ordinating and promoting University teaching and research.

The original duties of the University as an examining body have not diminished, but, on the contrary, have shown a steady and continuous increase. Examinations for External Students—who need not have attended at a College of the University—are now held not only in London and the provinces, but in the Dominions and Colonies overseas. The major part of the teaching and research work of the University is conducted in thirty-six Colleges which, from the nature of the University and of the city whose name it bears, are situated in all parts of London. In these Colleges, the teachers and students spend most of their academic life.

Included among them are University College and King's College, which, in respect of their staff, equipment, and student bodies, would, elsewhere, each be entitled to rank as a complete University; the Imperial College, which occupies a unique position in the realm of science and technology; and the London School of Economics, which has a similar position in the social sciences. There are also four women's colleges—Bedford, Royal Holloway, Westfield, and King's College of Household and Social Science—and the Medical Schools attached to the great London hospitals, in which the University provides not only for the needs of its own students, but for those who come to London from the sister Universities to complete their medical studies. In addition there are Schools in Theology and institutions devoted solely to post-graduate study and research, such as the Lister Institute of Preventive Medicine and the Institute of Historical Research.

LONDON'S University was not born easily, and as Universities go it is young—barely a century old. The movement which, after long delay and much opposition, was finally responsible for its foundation, nearly one hundred years ago, drew its inspiration from the same source as that which was responsible for the Reform Bill, and for the other changes, political,

Some idea of the size of the University may be gathered from the fact that the sites of the College buildings occupy well over 200 acres and their playing fields another 200 acres. There are 238 Professors, 120 Readers, and nearly 900 other teachers. Last year nearly 11,500 students pursued in the Colleges courses of study for degrees and diplomas, while the number of External Students was not less. At the University's first Matriculation Examination, held in 1838, there were only 23 candidates!

Most Londoners are probably familiar with some one or other of the Colleges which comprise the University, but few could say where its headquarters are situated. This is not surprising, for, strange to say, the University has no "home of its own." For the past thirty years it has occupied a portion of the Imperial Institute at South Kensington, and it has had to make the best of the accommodation. The disadvantages of this arrangement are obvious: the building is not conveniently situated as regards the Colleges; it was not designed for University purposes, and in consequence is quite unsuitable and inadequate for the work which has to be performed. But, most serious of all, it has never become identified in the minds of the public—or, indeed, in the minds of many members of the University—as the central home of the University. It was for these reasons that the University authorities came to the conclusion that it was essential to provide a worthy and dignified group of buildings, conveniently and centrally placed, to serve as focus for the University's manifold activities.

The University has now definitely embarked on a scheme for the creation at Bloomsbury of a new University

place in London within recent years, and should be an abiding reminder that London is not only the political, financial, and social capital of the Empire, but also a great University city.

The site of about 10½ acres in Bloomsbury, which largely through the generous aid of the Rockefeller Foundation, was acquired in 1927, is peculiarly fitted for its purpose. Geographically, it is in as central a position as regards the network of Colleges as it is possible to find. All the main railway termini are within easy distance, while the omnibus, tram, and Underground Railway services connect it to every part of the Metropolis and the surrounding districts. The general setting is appropriate; many architecturally attractive buildings adjoin the site, while the large, well-kept gardens in the squares which form its eastern and north-eastern boundaries, give a quality of spaciousness which is quite invaluable in London and which the architect's general plan is designed to preserve.

Mr. Charles Holden, F.R.I.B.A., one of the most distinguished of present-day architects, has prepared a general design for the whole of the site. This design is expressive of the present age, but has a definite classical bias, arising from the orderly disposition of the parts and the strong horizontal character of the whole. The carrying-out of the scheme will be proceeded with in stages as the necessary funds are obtained. With the aid of generous support from the London County Council, the City Corporation, the Goldsmiths Company, and other City Companies, Mr. Samuel Courtauld, Lord Duveen, and others, the University is in a position to make a substantial start at an early date. Development will



AN AIR VIEW OF THE BLOOMSBURY SITE (ENCLOSED IN A WHITE OUTLINE) FOR THE NEW UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS.

At the south end of the site is the British Museum with its dome (upper right). On the east (upper) side of the University site are Russell Square and Woburn Square (to left). Below the Museum, and slanting to the lower left, past University College (extreme left), is the long line of Gower Street.

Centre. Here will be housed the Senate-house, the Administrative Offices, and the Great Hall. Immediately adjoining there will be a number of University institutions which at the present time have been compelled to find accommodation elsewhere, such as the Courtauld Institute of the History of Art, the Institute of Historical Research, the Institute of Education (formerly the London Day Training College), the School of Slavonic Studies, the School of Oriental Studies, and provision for the Officers' Training Corps and the University Appointments Board. This does not exhaust the list: Birkbeck College has been provisionally allocated a place on the site; there is a movement for creating an Institute of Archaeology; and, when funds allow, a Students' Union House and residential accommodation are to be provided. When completed, this great scheme will represent the most important building operation which has taken

begin on the southern portion of the site, facing the British Museum, and will proceed northwards, leaving a strip on the eastern side for future extensions. The building for the Senate-house and central Administrative Offices, and for the Courtauld Institute of Art, will be the first to be erected. The preliminary work has been begun; excavations for this building will start in the next few weeks, and the ceremony of laying the foundation stone will, it is hoped, take place in the summer of this year. Other buildings to be proceeded with very shortly are the University Library, the University Hall (which will be fittingly associated with the City of London) and the Institute of Education. As and when funds are available, other buildings will be put in hand, and by 1936, the University's centenary year, much progress will have been made towards the creation in Bloomsbury of the great new University centre.



THE SUBMARINE CREW'S NEW ESCAPE-LOCK AND "PARACHUTE."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM OFFICIAL INFORMATION, AND WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF MESSRS. SIEBE, GORMAN AND CO., LTD., LONDON.

1 AFTER ONE MAN HAS ESCAPED THE HATCH IS CLOSED & THE ESCAPE-LOCK QUICKLY EMPTIED. THE INNER DOOR IS THEN OPENED & THE NEXT MAN ENTERS.



Labels: SUPERSTRUCTURE FLOODED, HATCH CLOSED, ESCAPE-LOCK, PRESSURE HULL, WINDOW FOR ELECTRIC TORCH, SIGHT WINDOW, INNER DOOR OPEN, FLOOD VALVE.

2 THE INNER DOOR IS CLOSED & THE LOCK FLOODED. THE MAN INSIDE LETS OUT THE LOCKED AIR TO EQUALISE THE PRESSURE WITHIN & WITHOUT & PUSHES THE HATCH OPEN.



Labels: AIR ESCAPING, HATCH CLOSED, PRESSURE EQUALISING VALVE, WATER-LEVEL, EMPTYING-VALVE.

3 THE MAN NOW CLIMBS PARTLY OUT, INFLATES HIS ESCAPE-APPARATUS & COMMENCES TO ASCEND.



Labels: HATCH OPEN, BOX FOR STOWING ESCAPE APPARATUS FOR 6 MEN; ONE OF A NUMBER OF SUCH BOXES IN THE SUBMARINE.



THE ESCAPE-LOCK BUILT INTO NEW BRITISH SUBMARINES—EACH MAN AWAY IN THREE MINUTES.

All our built submarines have been, or are being, fitted with escape hatches and collapsible air-locks for use in case of disaster. All new boats, however, are having escape-locks built into them as part of their structure. These locks, about 3 ft. square and 6 to 8 ft. high, can be operated fore or aft. A large hatch, cut in the superstructure deck, is left fully open at sea and only covered by a light wooden grating in harbour. A vertical hatch with a water-tight cover is fixed in the pressure-hull over the escape-lock, with opening and closing gear and flooding-valve operated from inside either the lock or compartment. The men escape one at a time, each putting on his Davis Escape Apparatus and climbing into the chamber. The lock is flooded, and the air in the top of the chamber is released by a valve operated inside, so that pressure within and without is equalised and the water-tight hatch easily opened. The man then climbs the steps in the lock, inflates the air-chamber of his suit, and ascends. Directly he

is clear, a man at an observation window signals to close the hatch, the chamber is drained, the inner door opened, and the next man may enter—the whole operation taking but three minutes. The man seen floating to the surface is using the latest type Davis Escape Apparatus (invented by Sir Robert Davis, of Messrs. Siebe, Gorman and Co., Ltd.). It has a check vane, which retards the rate of ascent and enables the man to float upwards at an angle. This partly removes the danger of too rapid ascent from a great depth, which causes caisson disease. Our main illustration shows a sunken submarine on the sea-bed with men escaping. The lock quickens the process, as the trapped men need not wait (probably for hours) until the compartment is completely flooded to equalise the pressures and allow opening the hatch. It further prevents the danger of men being carried out with a rush by the great air-bubble as the hatch is opened, should the pressures not have been quite equalised.



# The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

## SPOKES IN THE WHEELS OF OUR THESPIAN CART.

THERE is no gainsaying that our theatre of to-day is beset by numerous little enemies and drawbacks which render its constant rivalry with the kinema difficult and acute. I need not now refer to the main factors which are gradually readjusting themselves, such as rents, salaries, and the ever-increasing demands of Labour on the stage. They will gradually be subdued by economy and, in its wake, imperative mutual concessions.

But there are other things not generally apparent which hurt like pin-pricks and have a discouraging influence on the regular playgoer. I will deal with them *seriatim*, and when I have done, I think my readers will agree that in conglomeration they are a fairly formidable deterrent force. First of all: the curse of inaudibility (another story!) and the seating. In certain theatres I could name, there are stalls from which one can't see the whole stage; there are pits narrow and poorly "sprung"; there are galleries so ill-constructed and so distant that normal eyes can only see anything on the stage at pain of a craned neck. Such theatres should have been disembowelled and reconstructed years ago. They are in every way obsolete. They would not be tolerated on the Continent (except in France), which in every respect is in advance of our country as regards theatre-building. Even some of our newer houses are not above reproach. The stalls and dress circle, for instance, are not properly raked or graduated. I am a small man; I can prove it. On every first night I live in fear and trembling lest a big man, or a woman in a fur coat, comes to sit in front of me, totally eclipsing my view. This is a serious technical fault due to the wrong focus of the architect. Seats should not be built in regular sequence one behind the other; they should be interspaced, with the seats of each row overlapping those of the row in front, so that there is no need for acrobatic see-sawing to obtain a good vision. Again, several theatres are faulty in acoustics, another serious architectural blunder. The seating brings me to the prices. I will say nothing of 24s. stalls at a first night. The manager knows his fare. Vanity entices the first-nighters anxious to be "among those present" to pay anything for the glamour of the limelight. But I say that, so long as we have 10s. 6d. stalls, plus tax (the rest graded accordingly), for an entertainment that often begins at 8.45 (nominally 8.30), and ends at 11.0 or before, the public, as long as the present crisis lasts, will hold aloof, because at the kinema, for 3s. 6d. or 5s., plus tax, they can enjoy a princely seat in a regal building. There is no need for evening dress; therefore, no need for cabs—a bus will do.

Now look at the expense of a theatre evening, say for two: two stalls, £1 4s.; two cabs, out and home, at a medium distance, 4s.; a drink at the bar (a whisky with a parsimonious dash of soda), maybe, 1s. 9d. to 2s. 6d.; cloak-room, 6d.; commissionaire to call the cab, 3d. to 6d.; programme, 6d.; not to speak of chocolates or tea at matinees for one's lady companion—total, about 31s. 6d. for, at most, two-and-a-half hours' entertainment; while the kinema costs a little less than a sixth and gives three full hours' entertainment. This cloak-room and programme fee is also a thorn in the playgoer's flesh. In many countries both are free, whilst here we get a needlessly luxurious programme; and look at the annual budget of my overcoat. I go on an average two hundred times a year to evening performances, and about a hundred and fifty times to matinees. On wintry, autumnal, or spring days I have to divest myself of my coat about three hundred times (for it is not advisable to cramp the garment under the seat, which is ruinous): damage, £7 10s. But that is not all. On the cloak-room ledge there stands a little cardboard box or a tea saucer—an infernal nuisance, because while

collecting one's luggage it is liable to be swept down in chaos. A "gentleman" is expected to throw a tip into that vessel, mostly 2d., but many stall people disdain anything under 6d.; that makes a total of £1 5s.—*ergo*, my coat, worth, say, £12, costs me £8 15s. per annum, or 75 per cent. of its real value (if it is a good coat). Absurd, is it not? And then I have not calculated her ladyship's *douceur* for powdering her nose! Another pest is the beginning of the show, say, a quarter of an hour beyond

looked upon as the *crème de la crème*, and the managers are afraid to tread on their toes; never mind the pit, which, ere this, has been known to hoot them, and would do a service to the audience at large by doing it again so intensely that the nuisance would be abated once and for all. Finally, there is the duration of the *entr'actes* for the benefit of the bar-keeper. It is both unfair and detrimental to the majority who are keenly interested in the play and hate the "suspended animation," often followed by a regular stampede when the belated tatters in the corridors troop in and spoil the beginning of the "next" act.

The most serious of all these interfering influences is the shortness of the programmes. In old days we had often two plays a night—drama and comedy—that is too much and obsolete. But until latterly we had one-act plays before the main fare. That was not only of great interest to the crowd, but it had a distinct influence on the development of the drama. Some of the gems of dramatic literature, still unforgotten, were curtain-raisers, and I prophesy that ere long this neglected form will be resuscitated and will attract many authors who, afraid to start with a full-length play, would care to try their hand at a short episode. The present state of things is not likely to be accepted in the long run by the spectator who pays 10s., or 2s. 9d. in the pit, for a couple of hours' entertainment, interlarded with *entr'actes* of fifteen or twenty minutes; except, of course, when the play is so brilliant or so poignant that time does not count. At any rate, the new fashion of stretching the programme with singers at the piano, or another kind of soloist, is not to be recommended. It is unworthy of the theatre, and, however amusing, should remain in its proper place—the music hall.

I think I have enumerated all that is to be said about the forces, little and great, that conspire against the theatre of the present day. Some it will take a long time to improve upon. Naturally, the reconstruction of some of the older houses cannot be accomplished in a day, although lately there has been an active tendency to remodel both seating and decorations, and one or two houses have actually been overhauled from top to bottom. The rest will follow when meagre receipts will compel the managers to examine the cause, and will apply—as far as the lease will allow—such improvements as are most urgent. This is no time for half-measures. The octopus of the kinema is ever watching and growing; whilst the theatre remains stagnant. Already the cry is, when a theatrical manager is at the end of his tether: "Sell it to the pictures"—the kinema is greedy and the capacity of its stomach is boundless; or: "Throw the drama overboard and kindle the craze for non-stop variety." It has happened in London, and many a house of old renown is now a music hall *in excelsis*; it happens day after day in the provinces, with the result that touring companies are becoming fewer and fewer, and that the big theatres are swallowed up and replaced by little theatres of small compass and budgets. It all heralds a radical reform. If only our county and municipal councils would wake up and follow the example of Germany, France, Scandinavia, and even poor little Austria; if only these councils would recognise that it is good policy and good business to support the theatre (instead of hampering it, as they often do): that would give the impetus to the whole World of the Theatre which it sadly needs.



"DINNER AT EIGHT," AT THE PALACE THEATRE: CAROL GOODNER AS A LADY OF HUMBLE ORIGIN MARRIED TO A RICH STOCKBROKER WITH WHOM SHE QUARRELS VIOLENTLY.

At the opening of "Dinner at Eight," Irene Vanbrugh is seen as an American hostess inviting guests to attend a dinner party a week later. In the final scene these guests assemble. In the meanwhile glimpses are given of their private lives. There is the kitchen, where a triangular passion is pursuing its way. There is the doctor's consulting room, with the wife who understands her husband's straying affections. There is an actress in "flamboyant decay" (to quote the "Times" critic), played by Laura Cowie. There is a film star in decline, played by Basil Sydney. Lyn Harding and Carol Goodner take the parts of Dan and Kitty Packard, engaged in a fierce conjugal quarrel.

the advertised time, and worst of all are the late-comers—the diners and winners who don't care a fig for their fellow-playgoers, who disturb whole rows in the middle of an act, who—strange behaviour for the politest nation in the world—do not even say "Thank you" or "I beg your pardon." Why have the managers not the courage to close the doors when the curtain has risen? I pause for a reply; but I know the cause. These disturbers are



"DINNER AT EIGHT": AFTER A SERIES OF SCENES REVEALING THEIR PERSONALITIES AND THEIR PRIVATE LIVES, THE GUESTS (WHO WERE SEEN BEING INVITED IN THE FIRST ACT) ARRIVING FOR THE SOCIAL GATHERING AT THE JORDANS' NEW YORK HOUSE.

The characters seen in the photograph are (from l. to r.): "Mabel's husband," Edward Loomis (Wilfrid Calithness); Dan Packard (Lyn Harding), Dr. Wayne Talbot (Martin Lewis), Lucy Talbot (Juliet Mansel), Millicent Jordan (Irene Vanbrugh), Kitty Packard (Carol Goodner), Hattie Loomis (Mabel Terry-Lewis).



## BEHIND THE "SCREENS" OF BRITISH FILM PRODUCTION: TEA "INTERVAL."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



TEA-TIME AT THE STUDIOS: CONTRASTS IN COSTUME BETWEEN THE FICTITIOUS AND THE ACTUAL IN THE VAST CORRIDORS OF A GREAT BRITISH "ROMANCE FACTORY" FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF PICTURE-GOERS.

The above drawing is the first of a series done specially for us by Mr. Steven Spurrier to take our readers, as it were, "behind the screens" and reveal the enormous activities of British film production. The other drawings deal with technical methods. This one catches a moment of relaxation from strenuous work, and we realise that those employed in it are subject to the needs of ordinary mortals. At four o'clock, all who can be spared of those working in

the British International Studios, at Elstree, make a rush to the tea counter, which has been erected in one of the vast corridors. For those still engaged in the studios, a tea-wagon is wheeled in and jaded spirits are revived. Here we see directors, "stars," camera-men, sound-men, light-men, carpenters, "extras," and so on, all enjoying a "refresher" in a welcome interval. The wagon is shown in the foreground, being loaded for its journey, and the counter beyond.



## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

AS an average Londoner whose recollection goes back to the early 'eighties, and even dimly beyond, I have been asking myself how far I have been personally affected by the architectural changes of the last fifty years. I remember regretting the demise of New Inn and Furnival's Inn and the old bookshops in Holywell Street—a haunt of browsing loiterers not adequately replaced by the modern scurry of Charing Cross Road—but I did not shed tears over the disappearance of Clare Market. Nor did I sorrow overmuch at the transformation of Regent Street, for I never cared for stucco or a too rigid uniformity. I find its new aspect somewhat oppressive; but the tendency nowadays is towards overpowering height disproportionate to the width of a street. I am always sorry to see an ancient landmark removed. There must be a limit, however, to the preservation of past relics in a busy modern city. Every age has to adjust itself to new conditions, and obsolete things have always had to make room for innovations. Otherwise, London might still be in its pre-Roman state, nor would there be any Tower or Temple or St. Paul's Cathedral. London cannot remain static, as a permanent museum of antiquities. The problem is to blend old and new, and preserve as far as possible what is really worth preserving.

On my table repose nine new books touching various phases of London. The Carlton House Terrace controversy renders topical "MEMOIRS OF AN ARCHITECT." By Sir Reginald Blomfield, R.A. With four illustrations (Macmillan; 10s. 6d.). It contains no discussion of that particular dispute, but there is a passing allusion to "the Mall muddle" in connection with the entrance from Trafalgar Square. Sir Reginald, however, deals vigorously with other architectural schemes and controversies wherein he has been prominent, among them the rebuilding of the Quadrant and the future of Piccadilly Circus. "I have taken my share," he concludes, "in three excellent fights: the first to save the City churches, the second to save London from disaster at Charing Cross, and the third to save Waterloo Bridge. In all three fights, success crowned our efforts in the face of heavy odds, and I hope that those from whom I differed bear me no ill-will. We were all of us, rightly or wrongly, trying to do what we believed to be in the public interest." I find only indirect hints on his architectural principles, but they should be sought in his critical book, "The Mistress Art," rather than in these general reminiscences, which deal more with the politics and personalities than with the aesthetics of architecture. "If I am ever remembered," he writes, "I hope it may be by the Menin Gate, my design for the completion of the Quadrant, and Lambeth Bridge."

The interest of Sir Reginald's lively reminiscences, which are marked by humour, kindness, and sanity of outlook, is by no means confined to his profession. He describes his childhood and school-days, including seven years at Haileybury, undergraduate days at Oxford, art training experiences, travel in France and Spain, cricket and hunting diversions, and his home life at Rye. There he came to know Henry James, of whom he gives an unconventional character-sketch, as he does elsewhere of Walter Pater at Oxford. In the Oxford chapter he also pays an excellent tribute to the value of classics and the traditional University education, which reminds me of a recent passage-of-arms between Sir William Beveridge and Sir A. Quiller-Couch.

Personal reminiscences are pleasantly mingled with historical allusions in "LOOKING BACK ON LONDON." By Dorothy Hood. With eighteen illustrations (Ivor Nicholson and Watson; 12s. 6d.). The author calls her work "a bundle of impressions." Many people, of course, have done this sort of thing, but she does it particularly well, with a sustained vivacity that is very entertaining. The illustrations from old lithographs and engravings are equally attractive. I could wish that she had told us something at the outset about her own identity, career, and family connections, as this would have increased the interest. On the wrapper she is revealed as an Honourable,

and presumably we are supposed to learn what else we need to know from "Debrett." As to the period covered by the author's experiences, the facts must be gleaned from internal evidence. The frontispiece showing her as a little girl is not dated, but it transpires later, from a description of one of Queen Victoria's Drawing-Rooms, that she was a débutante in the mid-'nineties. She makes amusing comments on changes of fashion and manners.

Of changes in architecture and travel, she writes: "Life in London to-day is like being caught up in a pantomime transformation scene. Cherished buildings vanish when one's back is turned, and huge erections spring up in their place before one has time to turn round."

sixteen illustrations (Richards; 12s. 6d.). This is a quarter of the town with which I happen to have some intimate acquaintance. If only I were Dr. Johnson or Charles Dickens, or "so were I equalled with them in renown," Mr. Chancellor might like to add to his next edition certain facts which he has perforce omitted, as that I first met my wife at the Inns of Court Hotel, now turned, as he recalls, to other uses, and that she at one time dwelt in Newman's Row, since demolished as a site for the Auctioneers and Estate Agents Institute. He might also mention in his passage on Bell Yard, already immortalised in "Bleak House," that I occupied a room there in the Naughty 'Nineties. It faced the outer yard of the Law Courts, and I remember one night, being disturbed in my slumbers by certain litigious cats, effectively clearing the Court by a jar of unguent hurled from my window into the sacred precincts.

Three interesting and well illustrated works on London all emanate from the same publishing house. First comes "THE SOVEREIGN CITY." Its Romance; Its Reality. By Colonel Robert J. Blackham. With Foreword by Lord Wakefield (Sampson Low; 12s. 6d.). The author recalls what Londoners have owed throughout the ages to the public spirit of the City Fathers, not least as the saviours of open spaces, especially Epping Forest. A more recent example of their munificence is a princely contribution to London's new University buildings. The story of London as a whole, comprising City, West End, and Suburbia, is outlined for the general reader in "A HISTORY OF LONDON." By Alan Ivimey. With thirty-two illustrations arranged in pairs, each showing the same spot past and present (Sampson Low; 12s. 6d.). The author does not pretend to

have done more than present a general idea of an enormous subject, but he has done it well, and adds a useful bibliography. "It would be difficult," he says, "to write a really comprehensive history of London in a single volume which any one man would be strong enough to lift." The third member of the trio is "LURE AND LORE OF LONDON'S RIVER." By A. G. Linney. With forty-nine illustrations (Sampson Low; 7s. 6d.). The aim here is to present a continuous "panorama" of London's river unrolled before the spectator coming in from seaward. At one point the author notes "priceless locations for thrillers and mystery-mongers . . . a veritable gold-mine for the successors of Edgar Wallace if ever they run short of eligible pitches for crime." Dickens realised it long ago, of course, in "Our Mutual Friend."

My own early recollections include a trip with a brother in a Canadian canoe, starting at Shadwell, of all places. We were taken in tow by a barge and got swamped somewhere off Chelsea. Another and more enjoyable up-river adventure, of a "Three Men in a Boat" type, in a double-sculler from London to Lechlade, above Oxford, and back, is also recalled to my memory by a charming book which takes the reader from Gravesend to the city of the Dark Blues and the "dreaming spires"—to wit, "A PILGRIMAGE OF THE THAMES." By Donald Maxwell. Illustrated by himself (Centenary Press; 7s. 6d.). Mr. Maxwell's numerous black-and-white drawings are, as always, first-rate, and his letterpress chatty and informing, but I miss his usual coloured illustrations.

Our modern metropolis (I can't help using the word at last!) is exquisitely pictured and adequately described by a well-known camera-artist in "LONDON." By E. O. Hoppé. With numerous illustrations (Medici Society; 7s. 6d.), a new volume in the series of Picture Guides. The author's beautiful photographs are perfectly reproduced. Finally, here is a little pocket-sized book of essays—"PANORAMA." By Charles Graves (Ivor Nicholson and Watson; 6s.)—largely concerned with London life, although touching also on other cities, such as Paris, Edinburgh, Norwich, and York. Mr. Graves is a great snapper-up of unfamiliar facts, and retails them with gusto. His chapters include "Getting Married at St. Margaret's," "Secrets of the Circus," and "The Clergyman Who Runs the Derby!" C. E. B.



WITH THE CITADEL OF TIBERIUS CROWNING THE SUMMIT AT THE EASTERN END OF THE ISLAND: THE RUINS AT CAPRI, WHERE EXCAVATION IS BEING CARRIED ON.



THE SCENE OF EXCAVATIONS WHICH BEGAN LAST SUMMER AND HAVE ALREADY YIELDED MUCH INTERESTING MATERIAL: THE CITADEL OF TIBERIUS AT CAPRI—A GROUND PLAN.

On the opposite page we illustrate the excavations that have been undertaken at Capri "with the object of resuscitating one of the most dramatic phases in the history of the Roman Empire." The site is that of the citadel of Tiberius, where that Emperor retired for the last eleven years of his reign.

And again: "Regent Street is very fine and new, but . . . well, it is just not Regent Street. That old unbroken curve I always see in my mind with the sun on it; it was so light in the old days with its little low houses." Recalling the scene outside Buckingham Palace at midnight on Aug. 4, 1914, she says: "Round the New Victoria Memorial young men drove in cars, cheering wildly, loud enough for the German Ambassador, packing up in Carlton House Terrace, to hear them."

One of London's most devoted topographers has added another delightful volume to his long list, namely, "THE ROMANCE OF LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS"; and its Neighbourhood. By E. Beresford Chancellor, F.S.A. With



## THE CITADEL OF TIBERIUS: EXCAVATIONS AT CAPRI.



A HALL, OR THEATRE, REVEALED BY THE CLEARING OF THE UPPER TERRACE OF THE VILLA OF TIBERIUS, CAPRI, THE EMPEROR'S RETREAT FOR THE LAST ELEVEN YEARS OF HIS LIFE.



EXCAVATIONS BEGUN LAST SUMMER TO HELP IN SOLVING THE MYSTERY OF TIBERIUS'S LONG RETIREMENT: A GENERAL VIEW OVER THE RUINS, LOOKING TOWARDS THE LITTLE TOWN OF ANACAPRI.



A GENERAL VIEW, TAKEN FROM BELOW, OF THE EXCAVATIONS AT CAPRI: THE MODERN BUILDING ON THE RIGHT OF THE PATH IS THE OSTERIA OF THE SALTO DI TIBERIO.



THE QUARTER IN WHICH THE EMPEROR'S PRIVATE BATH WAS PLACED: THE BUILDING AT THIS POINT CONSISTED OF AT LEAST THREE STOREYS RESTING ON STOUT VAULTS AND PILLARS.



THE PALACE OF TIBERIUS AT CAPRI AS IT MAY HAVE LOOKED AT THE TIME OF THE EMPEROR'S RETIREMENT, WHEN HE HAD ABANDONED ROME TO RULE FROM CAPRI AND TO INDULGE, AS IT HAS LONG BEEN BELIEVED, IN ORGIES OF VICE: A RECONSTRUCTION BY MAURICE BOUTTERIN.

For a brief spell the rocky islet of Capri, at the southern end of the Bay of Naples, emerged from its peaceful obscurity to be the focus of the Roman world. Originally it was a Greek colony, where peasants devoted its fertile soil to the cultivation of vine and olive; but in 29 B.C. Augustus landed there on his return from the East, and, attracted, it is said, by the beauty of the island and the purity of its air, arranged for its exchange against the neighbouring island of Ischia. So Capri passed into imperial hands. Augustus often resided there, and his successor, the Emperor Tiberius, built no fewer than twelve villas on the

island, and, during the last eleven years of his life, directed from Capri the government of the Roman Empire. Beginning with Tacitus, who, as representative of the senatorial class, was opposed to the principate, historians have been almost unanimous in painting Tiberius as a monster of iniquity, and in explaining his retreat to Capri as a means for indulging his tyranny and vice. Of recent years some have taken a more lenient view of the undeniably sombre character of the Emperor, who, after all, was a man of sixty-eight when his retirement began. These excavations will probably throw further light on a fascinating period.



# PEACE AND THE BALANCE OF POWER.

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

*The distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.*

*We continue here our series of occasional articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.*

A FEW weeks ago a friend of mine, an eminent philosopher, came to see me on his return from Russia. He had crossed Europe by way of Poland and Germany. These were his impressions: "In Moscow everyone has got the idea that the whole of Europe is preparing a capitalist crusade against the proletarian republic. No one would believe me when I assured them that the great European States think about as much of attacking Russia as of conquering the moon. I went on to Warsaw: I found everyone convinced that Poland is caught between two fires—Russia and Germany, who are agreed together to wipe it out at the first opportunity. From Warsaw I passed on to Berlin. There, too, general alarm: Poland must be plotting with France to attack and dismember Germany. I arrive in Paris and again find anxiety in the air: might not Berlin and Rome be up to some dirty work?"

At this juncture I interrupted: "Go to Rome: there you'll see that they are obsessed by the fear of a combined attack from France and Jugo-Slavia. Go to Belgrade: you'll have the murky plots of Italy and Bulgaria denounced to you on all sides. Everyone in Europe, I suppose. . . ."

"But it's madness!" exclaimed my friend.

Madness, indeed? Is it not rather the confusion of a continent that had got into the habit of taking peace as a matter of course—thanks to a system of balance which now no longer exists, because its mainstay is broken? The nineteenth century benefited by a certain number of paradoxical strokes of luck, and had come to look upon them as natural and eternal laws of existence. One of the most paradoxical is that to which Europe, from 1814 to 1914, owed a century of very few wars, nearly all of them grouped in the thirty years ranging from 1848 to 1878, and none of them sanguinary or costly, except for the war of 1870. Before 1914, Germany, France, and England prided themselves on the order and peace that had been reigning in the world for a whole hundred years, the riches derived by them from that state of affairs, and the marvellous progress in human activity rendered possible by the immense wealth of the century. They took the credit for all the wonders that dazzled the nineteenth century: not only the progress and riches, but also the order and peace to which they owed them. But it was an illusion. We now know that that order and peace were no doing of ours, but an almost gratuitous present made to the West by those last heirs of Byzantium, a distant semi-barbarous empire, an oligarchy of Oriental satraps who sought, by this munificence to the world, to mask the despotism beneath which they bowed a hundred million men. What a paradox indeed!

Since 1918 we have been rather too inclined to forget that throughout the last century, from 1815 to 1914, the great balancing force of Europe was Russia. The Germanic world—Prussia, Austria, and the German States, organised in confederation by the Congress of Vienna—emerged from the wars of the Revolution and Empire poorer and weaker than either France or England. From 1815 to 1870 it was upheld and helped, both directly and indirectly, by Russia. It was she who saved Austria

in 1849 by sending an army into Hungary to quell the Magyar Revolution. From 1863 to 1870 Bismarck was able to unify Germany and create the Empire only because the Government of St. Petersburg, when it did not encourage him, left him alone. Before 1870, St. Petersburg wanted a stronger Germany, so as to maintain the balance against England and France, her adversaries in the Crimean War.

But after 1870 the Germanic world rapidly began to assume gigantic proportions. Then, little by little, Russia detached herself from it and passed into the opposite camp. In 1875 she prevented Germany from attacking France. After 1881, when Alexander III. succeeded Alexander II., she drew closer and closer to France. Why? Because the German power was constantly on the increase. Finally, in 1891, the French Republic and Russian Empire contracted an alliance; and, at the beginning of the twentieth century, that alliance was doubled with a pact with England. England and Russia, the two rivals, had united against the German peril.

It would be of importance to study why the Tsars of Russia pursued so tenaciously, for a whole century, that policy of balance of power that led to the war of 1914 and the ruin of their empire.

had been maintained above all by the fear of Russia, who terrorised all the continent from the north. Even the influence wielded in Asia until 1914 by England was largely due to that fear of Russia. In Turkey, Persia, India, China, and Japan there was an Anglophile party, resigned to the intrusion and domination of England, because England was a bulwark against the Muscovite empire and the lesser evil of the two. The two Powers helped each other by striving against each other: their Asiatic rivalry was the most paradoxical combination of world history.

It is at last possible to understand what has taken place in the world since 1914. At the outbreak of the war, the general opinion in France and England was that, as in the struggle against Napoleon, Russia was going to decide the victory. They thought themselves back in 1814. If that had been so, after the war Russia would again have been the arbiter of peace throughout the world, as she had been in Europe after 1815. But a century had elapsed since then, and what a century! After several months of the war, the world began to realise that Russia was up against adversaries of a different calibre from Napoleon, and that a hundred years after the famous campaign of 1812 she could easily be invaded by armies with a solid railway system at their backs. Then, after the first year of war, Russia began to weaken. Prepared for a six months' struggle, she could not hold out for four years. In 1917 the army mutinied and proclaimed the Republic: in October the extreme Socialists seized the power and, at the beginning of 1918, made the separate peace of Brest-Litovsk with the Germanic empires.

In making this separate peace, Russia not only left her allies in the lurch, she also abandoned the advanced positions she had formerly occupied in the European system: she slipped back to the steppes from which she had emerged two centuries ago. In recognising the independence of the small States that fringe the Baltic and reconstituting Poland, the great barrier that separates Russia from Europe, the treaties of 1919 sanctioned that secession as final. Russia to-day is in exactly the same

position as in the seventeenth century: cut off from the Baltic, isolated from Central Europe by Poland, thrown back on to the interior of the Continent, and without any further possibility of intervening in European affairs. At the same time, for Asia the fall of Tsarism was the signal for a general rebellion against Europe and Western civilisation.

To-day the world concerns itself solely with the new Government that took possession of Russia after 1917, its efforts to give a new organisation to the work of men, and the good or evil that might be the outcome of those efforts. No one ever gives a thought to the Tsar's Empire, as though it had completely passed away, after the manner of the Roman or Byzantine Empires. And yet the consequences of its downfall are only just beginning to be felt, and they will continue to be felt, heavier every time, for a long while to come. What is really serious for the world to-day is not the fact that the Soviets are installed in the Kremlin, but that the Tsars are no longer there. The Soviets will probably be only a meteor: it will take

more than their laws, police, and exegeses of Marxism to transform the spirit and institutions of modern civilisation. But for the fifteen years that the Tsars have no longer been there to provide Europe with their daily present of order and peace, disorder and the fear of war have been on the increase both in Europe and in Asia: Europe and America can find nothing with which to replace the policy of balance that has ruled the world for a whole century: the eternal guest at the banquet of Western civilisation is in danger of dying of starvation, now that the lavish host is ruined. . . .

[Continued on page 104.]



THE "ANARCHIST REVOLT" IN SPAIN: THE ENTRANCE DOOR TO THE METALLURGIC SYNDICATE AT BARCELONA, WHERE THERE WAS INTENSE FIGHTING BETWEEN RIOTERS AND POLICE, AND SEVERAL DEATHS OCCURRED. The "anarchist revolt," as the Spanish Home Minister defined it, which broke out in Madrid, Barcelona, and other parts of Spain on January 8, was reported three days later to be fizzling out under the firm hand of Señor Azaña, the Prime Minister. In Barcelona especially, extraordinary precautions were taken to prevent a resumption of extremist outbreaks, since in that city and the surrounding district twenty-six persons had been killed in the week following January 8.

That policy is one of the great mysteries of the history of the nineteenth century; that is to say, the most enigmatic chapter of world history. But, whatever the reasons of the Tsars of the nineteenth century for desiring a constantly balanced Europe, it is beyond dispute that if Europe enjoyed a century of peace from 1815 to 1915, with the sole interruption of 1848 to 1870, it was mainly due to that policy on the part of Russia. Throughout an entire century, not only Europe but also America—in fact, the whole of the West—at the banquet of general prosperity was the guest and almost the parasite of the Tsars of Russia. But that is not the end of the paradox: that immense, eccentric, semi-Westernised military empire, founded and ruled by the sword, was also the guardian of the peace in Asia as well. The cyclone that has now been ravaging Asia for more than twenty years only began in 1908, with the Turkish Revolution, and in 1911, with the Chinese Revolution. Since 1815, up to those two revolutions, Asia had lived in comparative order, of which Europe had taken full advantage in order to develop its trade and extend its influence. But that comparative order



THE "ANARCHIST REVOLT" IN SPAIN: A POLICE CAR IN BARCELONA USED FOR PICKING UP BOMBS IN THE STREETS OF THE CITY.





EXQUISITE PORCELAINS OF TO-DAY: "WOUNDED DIANA," "SCENT OF THE ROSE,"  
"THE CULPRIT," AND "THE GLOVE SHOP."

That the hand of the British potter has not lost its cunning is abundantly proved by the work of such artists as Miss Gwendolen Parnell, who is responsible for the charming porcelains here illustrated. These were to be seen recently at the Gallery of P. and D. Colnaghi, in an exhibition which included also specimens of the craftsmanship of W. B. Dalton, Lily and Wilfrid Norton, Michael Cardew, and Phyllis Simpson; as well as caricatures in clay by Lord Dunsany, who, after

referring to the figures of his own creation, wrote in a foreword to the catalogue: "The astonishment of the exquisite figures of Miss Parnell and Miss Simpson at finding themselves in such company will be expressed, in those hours of the night when such things find voices, with a delicacy of scorn altogether beyond the comprehension of my low-browed company." It should be added, perhaps, that the porcelains as reproduced above are named from left to right.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PORCELAINS BY MISS GWENDOLEN PARNELL.



When the "Flu" flew!



"My medical was right,

**DEWAR'S** Settled it!"



## PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:

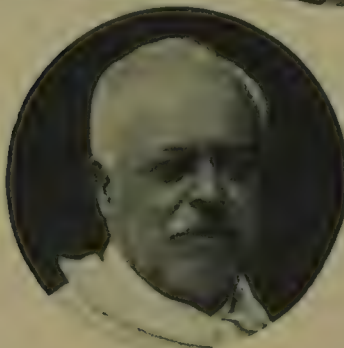
### CAPT. REGINALD SASSON.

The famous million-  
aire race-horse owner  
and amateur rider.  
Died Jan. 16, as the  
result of a fall while  
taking part in a  
steeplechase at Ling-  
field. Recently  
elected a member of  
the National Hunt  
Committee, under  
whose rules he had  
frequently ridden  
over hurdles and in  
steeplechases. Served  
during the War in  
the Irish Guards.



### SIR ROBERT JONES.

Famous orthopaedic  
surgeon. Died Janu-  
ary 14; aged seventy-  
four. He was par-  
ticularly successful in  
dealing with cases  
of infantile paralysis.  
Co-founder of the  
British Orthopaedic  
Association. Worked  
with the Red Cross  
in the War.



### TO EXCAVATE IN IRAQ: MR. A. MALLOWAN; WITH HIS WIFE— AGATHA CHRISTIE.

A new expedition, under the auspices of the British Museum, left London on January 16 to excavate a prehistoric site at Arpachiyah, near Nineveh, where it is hoped to make discoveries of a lost civilisation that existed before the rise of Ur. Mr. Mallowan is directing the expedition, and his wife, known to the novel-reading public by her pen-name of Agatha Christie, accompanied him.



### THE BIRTH OF A BULGARIAN PRINCESS: THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN OF BULGARIA.

Her Majesty the Queen of Bulgaria gave birth to a daughter on January 13, and the event was saluted by the firing of guns. The news was received with great popular rejoicing. A large crowd thronged the courtyard of the Royal Palace to congratulate the King and Queen, and his Majesty acknowledged its greetings. (See page 76.) Much comment has been caused by the fact that the child was baptised into the Orthodox Greek Church.



### MR. BERT HINKLER.

On January 12, nothing having been heard of Mr. Hinkler, the airman who left England on January 7 to fly to Australia, it was suggested that a watch should be kept for wreckage on any of the possible routes to Athens.

### CAPT. W. L. HOPE.

It was announced on January 13 that Captain Hope (who won the King's Cup in 1927) had arranged to start on the following day to look for Mr. Bert Hinkler. He is an intimate friend of Mr. Hinkler's.



## PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

### GEN. CAMPBELL.

Brigadier-General W. Neville Campbell, C.S.I., C.M.G., D.S.O. who died on January 15, was, until recently, Managing Director of Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd. During the Great War, he rose to be A.A.C., I.E. Force "D." Formerly Director, "Illustrated London News" and "Sketch," and the "Sporting and Dramatic News."



### MR. ALAN PARSONS.

Dramatic critic of the "Daily Mail." Died January 15; aged forty-four. Entered Civil Service; becoming Private Secretary to the Chancellor of the Exchequer (1915-1917). In 1925 resigned and took up journalism.



### A GREAT EDUCATIONIST DEAD: THE LATE DAME MAUDE LAWRENCE.

First Director of Women's Establishments at the Treasury (1920); and formerly Chief Woman Inspector of the Board of Education. Died January 11; aged sixty-eight. A member of the L.C.C. Education Committee, 1904. She took a keen interest in the Civil Service Sports Council.



### "MICKEY MOUSE'S" CREATOR HONOURED AT HOLLYWOOD: MR. AND MRS. WALT DISNEY.

"The photograph," writes the correspondent who sends it to us, "shows Mr. and Mrs. Walt Disney attending a banquet of the Motion Picture Academy at Hollywood. Walt Disney was recently awarded the Academy's prize for the best short subject novelty of the year."



### LADY BAILEY'S FLIGHT TO THE CAPE: THE AIRWOMAN WITH HER CHILDREN.

Lady Bailey left Croydon in her Puss Moth machine on January 15, and landed at Oran at 3.30. She is flying a Puss Moth cabin aeroplane with a Gipsy Major engine. At Oran she was 11 hours ahead of the time made by Mrs. Mollison, but it was reported that she showed symptoms of influenza.



### A NOTED BRITISH AIRWOMAN DEAD: THE LATE MISS WINIFRED SPOONER.

Miss Winifred Spooner, the distinguished woman aviator, died on January 13. She was thirty-two. She qualified for the "A" certificate as long ago as 1927, and later took her "B" certificate. She won the Siddeley Trophy in the King's Cup, 1928. She attempted a record flight to the Cape, 1930, but was forced down off Italy.





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. ENGLISH ALABASTER CARVINGS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

Reformation fanatics made such things as these the first victims of their wild enthusiasm! Enormous numbers must have suffered the fate of innumerable stained-glass windows, so that there are to-day far more in existence abroad than in their country of origin. An odd sidelight upon conditions just after the dissolution of the monasteries is furnished by a letter from Sir John

scattered about on it—this last a very characteristic decoration of the whole range of these carvings.

The nine scenes are all of the Passion, and are as follows: The Entry into Jerusalem, The Flagellation, The Mocking, Christ Carrying the Cross, The Kiss of Judas in the Garden, The Deposition, The Entombment, The Resurrection, and Christ Appearing to

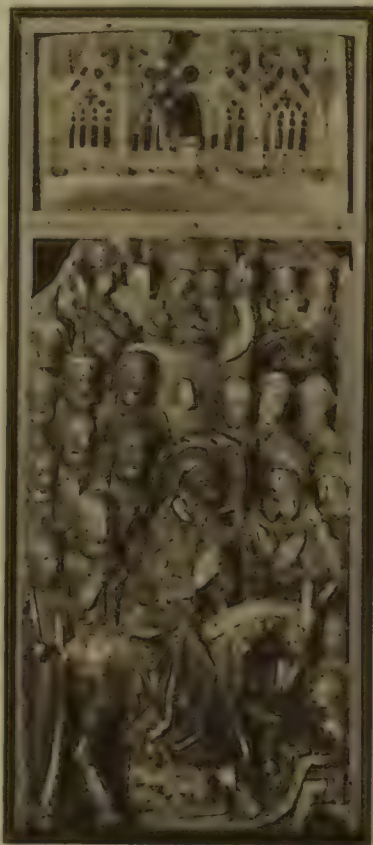
Mary. All are of about the same height—23 in.—and their canopies (of which one is missing) are 7 in. Other favourite subjects were the Joys of Mary, incidents in the lives of the Saints, etc. It is a little difficult to put into words just what constitutes the peculiar "Englishness" of such carvings: English they are, cut from native stone by native workmen, and produced by native artisans. Nothing quite like them was ever carved on the other side of the narrow seas. Apart from their material, which is reasonably decisive evidence in any case, the style is quite distinctive, as is sufficiently well seen in the photographs, with its somewhat angular forms and rather long features with straight, thinnish lips.

The date of this series is presumably somewhere about the year 1450, possibly a little later. In one or two cases, particularly in the very attractive "Christ Appearing to Mary," in which the Saviour is holding a spade—you will remember she supposed He was the gardener—I suggest with some confidence that there are signs of another hand than the one responsible for the remainder. I think, too, one can go further and say that this very attractive example, with its purely Gothic foliage, is to be dated several years earlier than the remainder. No doubt the many genuinely knowledgeable experts in mediæval sculpture who will make a point of studying this series with the close attention it deserves will be able to reach a definite and authoritative conclusion. As far as I know, the nearest parallel to this series in this country is the splendid altar-piece,

I AM fortunate in being able to illustrate a talk upon what was once an important mediæval industry in England with four examples from a remarkable series of nine carvings of the Passion which have just come upon the London market. By the time these words appear, this series will have been set up, suitably mounted for public inspection, in the galleries of its owners in Duke Street, and I rather think that a great many art lovers will feel with me that something quite exceptional—hitherto unrecorded—has been brought to their notice.

No doubt the style and character of English alabaster work is tolerably familiar to many readers of this paper, partly from various examples scattered about all over the Continent, and partly from the fine collection at South Kensington: and in this connection I would draw your attention to the useful little picture-book on the subject (price 6d.) issued by the Museum.

It appears that by about the year 1400, carvings made of alabaster from the quarries at Chellaston and Tutbury had become the objects of a brisk export trade. The main centre of the industry was at Nottingham, and individual examples are to be found to-day as far apart as Iceland and Venice. As the century progressed, the style seems to have changed; the scenes tended to become more crowded, and the canopies over them were made separately, instead of in one piece with the remainder—this after about 1420. Accurate dating is an extremely difficult matter, because, as was natural, the carvers took no pains to keep in touch with current fashions; nor did their clients of the end of the fifteenth century have any



1. A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH ALABASTER CARVING OF THE "ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM"; FROM A SET OF NINE—ONE OF THE COMPARATIVELY RARE SURVIVORS, IN THIS COUNTRY, OF A ONCE FLOURISHING NATIVE INDUSTRY.



2. AN ENGLISH ALABASTER CARVING, STILL RETAINING ITS ORIGINAL COLOUR: "THE KISS OF JUDAS," IN WHICH THE WELL-RENDERED COARSENESS OF THE SOLDIERS' FEATURES IS VERY APPARENT.

The set of fifteenth-century alabaster carvings which are here represented by four of their number portray the Entry into Jerusalem, the Flagellation, the Mocking, Christ Carrying the Cross, the Kiss of Judas in the Garden, the Deposition, the Entombment, the Resurrection, and Christ Appearing to Mary. All are painted, or, rather, tinted, and each is of about the same height—twenty-three inches. The canopies (of which one is missing) are each seven inches high.

All Reproductions by Courtesy of Messrs. W. E. Duits, Duke Street, S.W.

objection to buying contemporary works dressed in the armour and clothes of the fourteenth. What is remarkable about these carvings at first sight is not so much their details—though these are of great interest—as the intensity of religious conviction they exhibit. They are so emphatically the product of an age of faith, in which the current coin of ordinary life is translated literally into an edifying story. No wonder that at the

Masone to the Privy Council in 1550 (Calendar of State Papers, Foreign, 1547-1553). It runs as follows: "Three or four ships have lately arrived from England laden with images, which have been sold at Paris, Rouen, and other places, and being eagerly purchased, give to the ignorant people occasion to talk according to their notions; which needed not had their Lordships' command for defacing them been observed." Which seems to show that business instincts very often got the better of the most pious puritanical conscience: the phenomenon has been observed before and since in other connections.

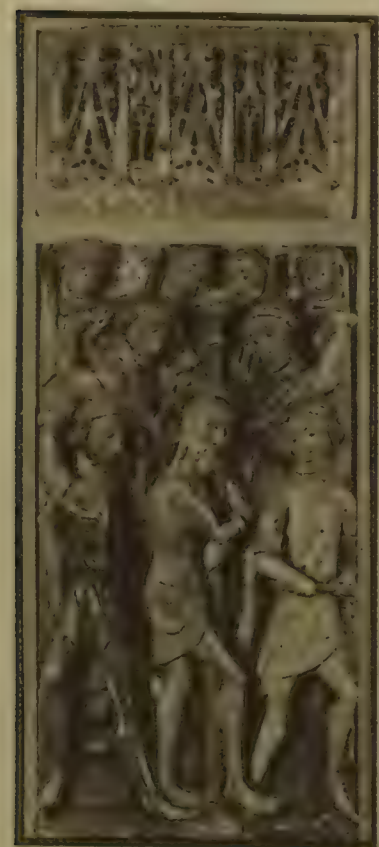
As to the colour of these pieces, its reserve and simplicity is remarkable. Many examples which have survived elsewhere appear to have undergone a most drastic process of scrubbing, as if they had been left to the tender mercies of some nineteenth-century church renovator, but the series under review is quite untouched. One can go so far as to say that details are not so much painted as tinted. It is sometimes laid down as axiomatic that the wicked—Judas, persecutors, Jews, and their like—are given dark faces, while Saints and Our Lord Himself have white skins; but, while this often is the case, in the present series the face of Christ is, in two instances, as indubitably dark as those of His enemies. The faces of the soldiers are extraordinarily revealing—coarse, callous, and brutal, as if they had stepped out of a panel by Dirk Bouts or some other Flemish painter of his calibre. Colours—or should I write tints, for they are very delicate?—vary from blue, red, pink, to green and gold: the inside of an angel's wings are red and gold: the lower part of the background is, as often as not, green, with little flowers in white and red

complete in its original frame, which was acquired by the Victoria and Albert Museum at Lord Swansea's sale in 1919.

These nine examples are in remarkably good condition; there are a few fractures, but no serious damage. Only one head is missing, and, as has already been pointed out, the colouring is wonderfully well preserved. I anticipate a steady stream of visitors to so unusual an exhibition.



4. "CHRIST CARRYING THE CROSS": LITERAL REALISM—INCLUDING A MAN CARRYING THE SCOURGE AND THE NAILS AND ANOTHER WITH A HAMMER—WHICH IS AN OUTSTANDING FEATURE OF ENGLISH ALABASTER CARVINGS OF THIS TYPE.



3. "THE SCOURGING"—ENGLISH WORK, IN ALABASTER: A PIECE SHOWING THE BOLD, WELL-THOUGHT-OUT COMPOSITION AND THE VIGOUR AND CONFIDENCE OF THE CARVING.



## GREEK ICONS AT THE COURTAULD INSTITUTE: A BYZANTINE EXHIBITION.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND NOTE BY D. TALBOT RICE, M.A., B.Sc., FORMERLY ASSISTANT DIRECTOR, BRITISH ACADEMY EXCAVATIONS AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

"BYZANTINE panel paintings" (writes Mr. Talbot Rice), "dated before the fall of Constantinople to the Turks in 1453, are few and far between and we know little about them. Russian examples, directly descended from the Byzantine, are rather better known; exhibitions of them have been organised and books about them published in the West. Greek icons, painted by Christians of the old Byzantine world after it came under Ottoman rule, constitute a third group, with which we are just beginning to become more familiar, though first-class examples are rare. The few exhibitions which have included Greek icons were mostly of a restricted nature and contained a few examples, not necessarily first-class. Specimens indicating that icons are sometimes worthy to be regarded as works of art, fit to rank with pictures from Italy or northern Europe, were strikingly absent. Even the magnificent exhibition of Byzantine art in Paris in 1931 [see 'The Illustrated London News' of August 1 in that year]

*[Continued in centre.]*

FIG. 2. THE VIRGIN AND THREE SAINTS: AN EARLY EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY PANEL. (21 BY 17 INCHES.)

This panel is probably to be assigned to the mainland of Greece. To the left, above, is the Virgin, and below, St. George. On the right, St. Nicholas appears above, and St. Michael below. Unfortunately, the panel has split. It is rare to find an icon of any size in perfect condition if it is more than a century or so old.



FIG. 1. "THE BIRTH OF OUR LORD": A PANEL OF THE FIFTEENTH OR EARLY SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

True to Byzantine tradition, several subsidiary scenes appear besides the main one. Above, on the right, is the announcement of the glad tidings to the shepherds; on the left are the Magi. The Virgin and the Child in His manger are in the centre. Below we see the washing of the Child and a shepherd addressing St. Joseph.



FIG. 4. "THE DORMITION OF THE VIRGIN": AN ICON IN THE MINIATURE PAINTING STYLE OF THE FIFTEENTH OR SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

The body of the Virgin lies on a bier in the centre. Christ stands behind. Saints and elders of the Church are grouped around. In the foreground is the figure of a Jew, whose wrists were severed by an angel, for he had dared to touch the bier on which the holy body lay. This icon was lent for exhibition by Mr. and Mrs. Seltman.

century did custom begin to change through Western influence. In the next two or three centuries we learn the names of various painters working in Greece and the Aegean Islands. A superb 'Genesis' by Victor, one of the most famous seventeenth-century painters, is exhibited at the Courtauld Institute. Fig. 1 on this page shows a somewhat earlier, probably fifteenth century, conception of the same subject. The period from the fifteenth to the seventeenth century was, apparently, the golden age of Greek icon-painting, and, as more examples come to light from obscure churches, our knowledge of them will increase. Only in Athens can be seen collections at all comprehensive. If the Courtauld Institute exhibition serves to show the merits of these paintings—such as the superb 'Pantocrator' in Fig. 5—if it proves to the English public that among the later products of Greece were a number of masterpieces, besides paintings of purely iconographical, stylistic, or technical interest, our aim will have been achieved. And if this note meets the eye of any owner of Greek icons prepared to lend examples at some future date, the author will feel that his work has been doubly rewarded."



FIG. 3. "THE BAPTISM IN JORDAN": AN ICON OF THE ANATOLIAN SCHOOL, PROBABLY SIXTEENTH OR SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Four angels stand on one bank; on the other is shown John the Baptist, with his left hand stretched forward to anoint our Lord's brow. This panel is to be assigned to Anatolia, and it shows the forceful, almost grotesque, exaggeration which characterises that school. It is probably to be dated in the sixteenth or seventeenth century.



FIG. 5. "CHRIST THE PANTOCRATOR": A FINE ICON OF THE FOURTEENTH OR FIFTEENTH CENTURY, PROBABLY FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.

This conception of Christ as ruler and creator of all things only became general about the tenth century. By the eleventh, it is the only conception of Him found in the Byzantine area. The painting belongs to Mr. and Mrs. Seltman, of Cambridge. The face resembles the drawing (reproduced in our issue of Dec. 31) copied from a Catacombs fresco.





## THE NEW WAY

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## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

### MIXED MUSIC AT THE "PROMS."

THERE is cause for reflection in the fact that during the past week the two nights when the Queen's Hall were sold out were the Bach and the Beethoven nights. There was a time when it was the Wagner night which drew the largest audience to the "Proms.," but there has been a gradual readjustment during the past two years, and the popular vogue for Wagner has declined definitely in favour of the two earlier composers.

But Wagner is still third in the public favour, although he shares this place now with Brahms—which Wagner himself would have thought a fearful indignity, although Brahms would have been flattered. I personally enjoy the Wagner nights at the "Proms." because Sir Henry Wood is often at his best when conducting the music of this composer. He gave us really brilliant performances of "The Flying Dutchman" overture, "Siegfried's Journey to the Rhine," and the Funeral March from "Götterdämmerung" this season. It is music which he thoroughly understands and enjoys, and his magnificent driving force and technical competence are used for a straightforward display of Wagner's dazzling effectiveness which is most enjoyable.

### GREEF AND GRIEG.

That well-known Belgian pianist, Mr. Arthur de Greef, has become an annual visitor, to play the Grieg pianoforte concerto at the "Proms." In a sense, the pianist and the composer are very well matched. One would not like to hear a Mozart or a Beethoven concerto treated as Mr. de Greef treated the Grieg concerto last week, but Mr. de Greef would probably not attempt to do so. We do not hear much of this special kind of pianism nowadays; we have all become too serious and too sober for it; but it has its place, and I confess that, although I deplored Mr. de Greef's performance from some points of view, yet I thoroughly enjoyed it. Mr. de Greef does not commit the unforgivable offence of boring his auditors. He is not afraid of the most vivacious showmanship; but he so enjoys what he is doing, he is such a master of the professional virtuoso's tricks of the trade, that we share in the gusto and delight with which he displays them. Yet I am afraid it would be rather demoralising to our well-behaved, sober B.B.C. orchestra to play often with Mr. Arthur de Greef, and the defects we overlook in him we should certainly not overlook in our own orchestra.

I suppose it may be possible to play the Grieg Concerto better than Mr. de Greef played it, but, for my own part, I never want to hear it otherwise than as Mr. de Greef plays it, and I must confess that I have never enjoyed it when any other pianist has played it.

### UNHACKNEYED SONGS.

Mme. Povla Frijs, who took the place of another singer on Thursday, Jan. 12, at the "Proms.," was responsible for a group of three unfamiliar songs: Duparc's "L'Invitation au Voyage," the original version of Saint-Saëns' "Danse Macabre," and Grieg's "En Drom." The first of these songs, "L'Invitation au Voyage," is a setting for voice and orchestra of a famous poem by Baudelaire by Duparc. Henri Duparc, who is over eighty years old, is one of the most gifted and individual of contemporary French composers. His work is very little known in this country, but he has a unique position in France. This particular song is a masterpiece that can take its place among the finest productions of Schubert and Schumann, and it is sad to think that this was probably the first time it has ever been sung in England, and that it may be ten years or more before it is ever heard here again. It was admirably sung by Mme. Povla Frijs, and the orchestral part was played beautifully under Sir Henry Wood. Is it too much to ask Sir Henry Wood that he should endeavour to get this and some others of Duparc's songs performed during the next summer season of Promenade Concerts?

### A FINE VIOLINIST.

Juan Manén, a Spanish violinist who played Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto at the same concert, deserves to be much better known here. He has a beautiful style and an unusually fine musical sense. It is a long time since I heard a violinist who gave me so much pleasure. For elegance, purity, and accuracy of playing it would be hard to find his superior among contemporary violinists, and one is conscious always while listening to him that he is a musician as well as a virtuoso.

W. J. TURNER.

### "DINNER AT EIGHT," AT THE PALACE.

THIS is an intriguing play; for once the word "intriguing" is not misused, for we have half-a-dozen or so personal dramas that stop just short of their climax, to meet, as a whole, at this "Dinner at Eight." And even then the curtain falls before the *dénouement* the constant theatregoer feels he is entitled to expect. But what a thrill that "little less" gives us! Here we have an ingenious play, superbly directed and magnificently acted. Mr. C. B. Cochran has, so to speak, hitched his dinner wagon to a team of stars. There are no less than fourteen actors in the company any one of whom would be capable of playing lead in any normal production. Mrs. Jordan is arranging to give a dinner party in seven days' time. An English Milord and his lady are on a visit to New York, and Mrs. Jordan, with true democratic hospitality, is giving a dinner in their honour, and in the course of the week we are given a glimpse of the guests in their home life. Jordan himself suffers from his heart, and is liable to die at any moment, with two months as his outside hope of life. The doctor who seals his doom is having an affair with a millionaire's wife. This millionaire has bought up most of the shares in Jordan's company, and is prepared to ruin him; a few minutes before the dinner he learns of his wife's love affair, but, "manners before morality," he controls his seething anger sufficiently to offer his wife his arm to the dinner party. Even in the servants' hall things are not as they should be in a well-ordered household. The butler has just married one of the maids, who, while handing round cocktails, learns from one of the guests that her husband already has a wife and two children on the Continent. The chauffeur, a rival for the girl's hand, indulges in fisticuffs with the butler, and during the fight the lobster in aspic is trampled beyond repair. Miss Jordan has a love affair with a discredited film star; drunken and penniless, he takes his life just as the final curtain falls, and the girl is left alone on the stage, after the other guests have gone in to dinner, awaiting his coming. The play is superlatively produced and extremely well acted. Mr. Basil Sydney gave a brilliant performance as the dissolute film star; one pities the poor drunken wretch. Miss Carol Goodner, as the millionaire's wife, gave a racy performance, and Mr. David Burns, brought specially from the States to play a cheap but loyal little booking agent, deserves great praise.





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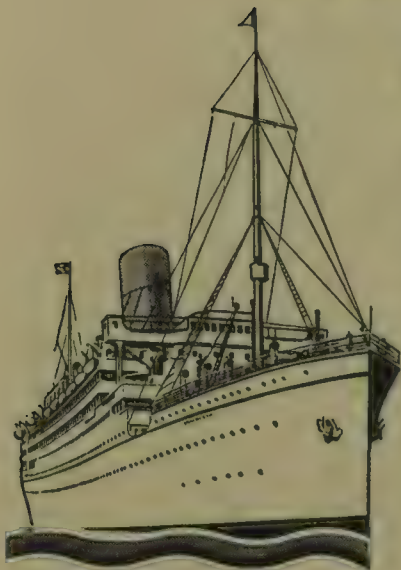
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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

BY H. THORNTON RUTTER.

AMONG the notable British 1933 models in the high-class range of motor carriages is the new "Sixteen" Sunbeam, costing £695, whether it is fitted with four-seater coupé coachwork or a five-seating saloon body. I tested the four-seater coupé 16-h.p. Sunbeam, with its sliding roof, recently on a bright day with a touch of frost on the roads, so had an excellent opportunity of discovering its virtues and faults (if any) under average winter conditions. Actually rated at 18.2-h.p., this "Sixteen" Sunbeam is a much improved car: its acceleration is more rapid, its synchro-mesh gear-box simple to handle, the steering is light and accurate with a splendid castor action, and the hydraulic brakes very powerful, yet smooth in their stopping power. That is a brief summary of its leading characteristics which appeal to the driver, as all these items make this car safe to handle at speed.

The "Sixteen" Sunbeam coupé is distinctive in its design and particularly comfortable to ride in, whether seated in the front or back compartments. The front seats are adjustable separately, and the wide rear cushions are provided with arm-rests for the occupants. The wells in the floor-boards provide ample leg-room, and the large enclosed luggage-boot, with special locker for tools, adds to the smartness of the appearance of this car, as well as to the comfort of its users in storing away their luggage well protected from any effects of bad weather.

### Special Features.

Although provided with a four-speed (forward) gear-box, the engine is so powerful that, unless on a steep incline, the bottom or lowest gear ratio is not required to be used to start from rest on this "Sixteen" Sunbeam. At the same time, drivers who have had no previous experience of a car with synchro-mesh "twin-top" gears must remember to make a considerable pause

ratios, and no double de-clutching is required. Starting in second speed and changing up to "third" at 20 miles an hour, the driver can accelerate the car to 40 miles an hour in fifteen seconds, and 60 miles an hour in half a minute, using all three gears. At 60 miles an hour on a level road, such as the main Sunbury-Staines highway, I halted this car from a speed of 63 miles an hour inside sixty yards, the distance between two main-road telegraph-poles, on a straight stretch of this arterial highway slightly damp with the remains of a white frost on it. This was an excellent performance with the road in that condition, and made a good exhibition of the steadiness of the car and its road-holding capabilities at speed with sudden braking. The car was stopped quite smoothly and without too violently jerking the passengers.

Smoothness on the road is largely helped by the automatically-regulated hydraulic shock-absorbers and the central method of chassis lubrication. Actuated on a thermostatic principle, the shock-absorbers adapt themselves to the load and road conditions, which raise or lower the heat of the oil in the shock-absorbers. This is one of several special features in the "Sixteen" Sunbeam which place it

in the top class of automobile engineering.

Another is the thermostatically-controlled radiator shutters, which keep the cooling water in the radiator at between 70 deg. and 80 deg. Centigrade at all elevations and varying engine speeds. Further particulars of this 16-h.p. Sunbeam will be given in our next issue.



A CAR WITH A NOTICEABLY SPACIOUS BODY: A "SUNBEAM" 16-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER COACHBUILT SALOON WITH SYNCHRO-MESH TWIN-TOP GEAR-BOX.

"Direction" indicators are fitted both at the front and rear in the 1933 model, the operating switch being conveniently mounted on the top of the steering column. One of the most pronounced features of this 16-h.p. model is the spaciousness of the body. A sliding roof can be fitted without extra charge. The price is £695.

in neutral when changing up from second to third speed, in order to give the synchronising mechanism a chance to effect its equalisation of the gears to make a silent engagement. From third to top, or vice-versa, is simply a matter of de-clutching and moving the gear lever to the necessary position. It is practically impossible to make a noisy change of these

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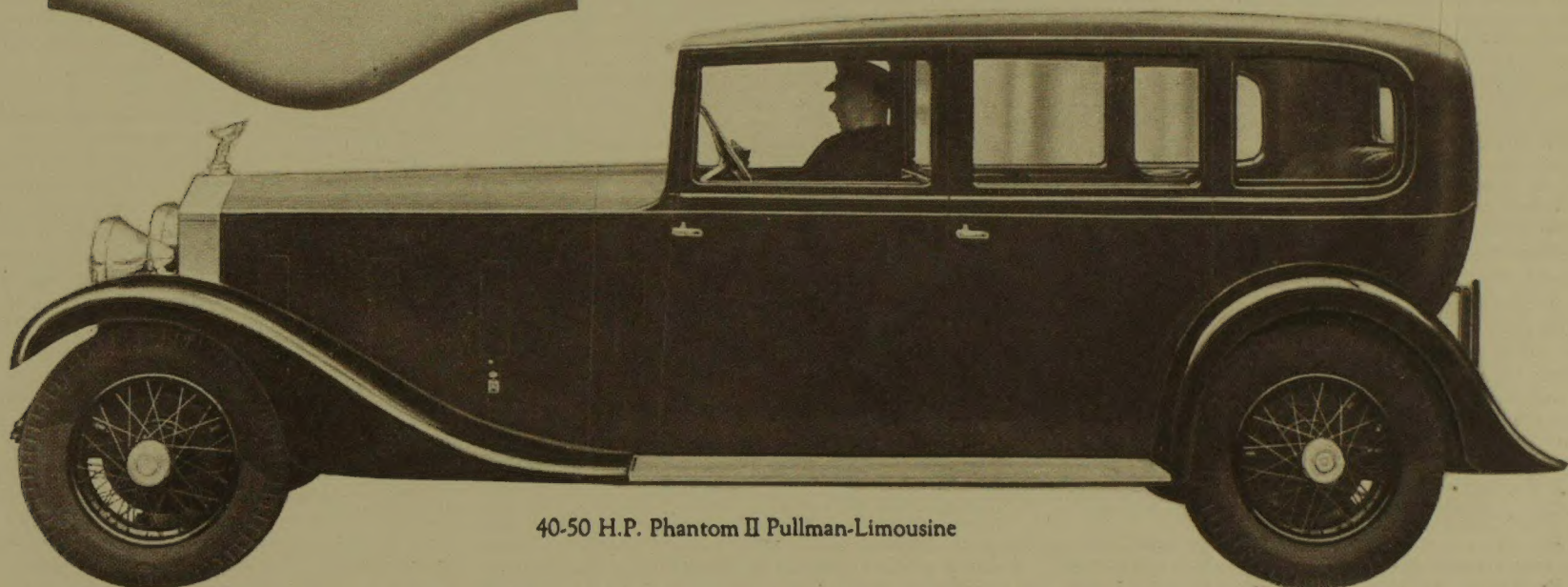
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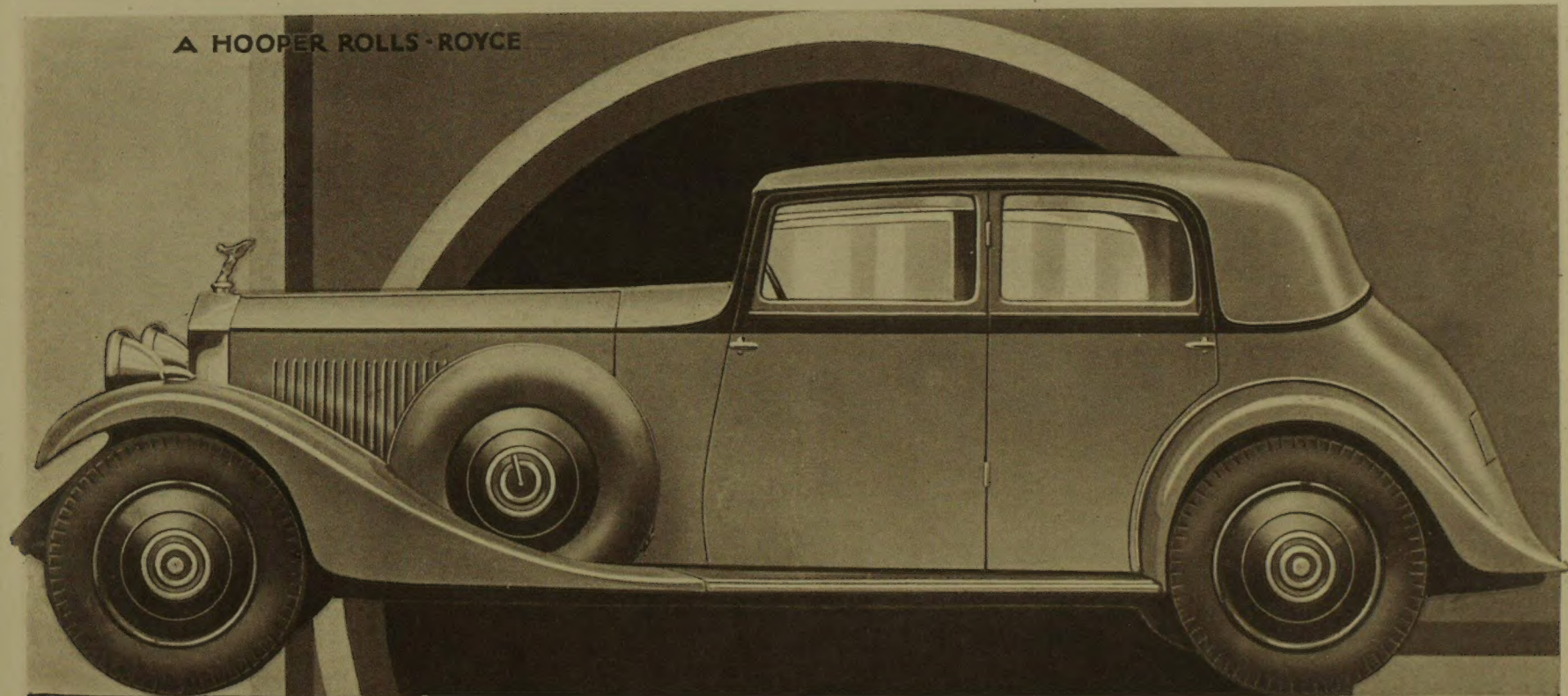


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## PEACE AND THE BALANCE OF POWER.

(Continued from Page 94.)

At one time, in 1919, it was thought that the United States, who had already taken Russia's place in the last phase of the war, might also have taken it in peace and become the new remote force that would maintain the ever-unstable balance of peace in Europe. Such was the significance and aim of the famous Clause of Guarantees inscribed in the Treaty of Versailles. If they had accepted to take Russia's place, could the United States have succeeded in playing that historic part? I doubt it. In any case, the United States settled the question once and for all by repulsing, with the Treaty of Versailles, the honour and risk of becoming the arbiter of peace in a disorganised world.

For a while hope was centred—and still is, in certain minds—on the League of Nations. The League has taken infinite pains to be a solid and universal guarantee of peace. But, whatever the reasons, it has not so far succeeded in exorcising the demon of fear that has got possession of humanity, or in curing the world of its obsession of war, or in giving Europe back the comparative tranquillity that it enjoyed during the last years of its expiring balance. Will it succeed any better in the future? It is very doubtful. It seems to be gradually accepting the theory that there can be wars that are not proper wars. It is not with such subtle theories that the world, already on tenterhooks for so many reasons, will be calmed down.

I repeat, the disorganisation of the whole West, brought on by the downfall of Tsarism, is much more serious than the disorder sown in Europe by the propaganda from Moscow of which there is so much talk. It is all the more serious in that it is almost unknown. The Western mind has not yet come to realise it: diplomacy and Governments seem to be oblivious to it still. It would seem that they are trying to restore the old balance, as though all the conditions that rendered it possible from 1814 to 1914 were still in existence. That is another proof of the truth that Europe and America should realise if they wish to find a way to salvation, although it may be a disagreeable truth for our self-esteem: it is that for a whole century the West, in all that concerns the order and peace of the world, had lived on the misunderstood and denied inheritance of the Congress of Vienna. For that policy on the part of the Tsars was also a result of the Congress of Vienna, and accompanied the entire history of the nineteenth century up to the threshold of the World War, because in 1914 Russia was still the last survivor of the Congress—that is to say, the only one among the great States of Europe whose constitution had not undergone any essential modifications.

The new bases of peace: that is another of the problems that have resulted from the great upheaval of the World

War that, by destroying the Empire of the Tsars, upset the equilibrium of the entire planet. How are we going to replace that policy of balance of which Tsarist Russia was the controlling force? I should be very gratified if I could give a satisfactory and precise answer to that question. But my readers will not be surprised if I tell them that for the moment we must confine ourselves to setting ourselves the problem, which, however, is no futile task. In order to solve a problem, it is, above all, necessary to be aware of its existence. When the Western mind comes to realise that in itself very simple truth, the great States of Europe and America may spare themselves the fruitless efforts that have been wearing out their energies for the last ten years. In any case, it is obvious that a problem of this magnitude can only be settled by the collaboration of a great number of minds and successive experiments that entail time.

For the moment I shall confine myself to calling my readers' attention to a point that seems to me to have a certain importance. It is evident that the reason why the policy of European balance was easy and fruitful from 1814 to 1914 is that it could be made by Governments invested with full powers in all questions of foreign policy. These full powers, whether implied or declared, now no longer exist in a great many countries. To-day, in order to create a solid system of peace, an agreement between Governments is no longer sufficient; there must be an agreement between peoples: and that presents an advantage and a drawback.

The advantage is that in all civilised countries where military service is compulsory, the masses are in normal pacific conditions. It takes very special circumstances for them to want to fight, if it is not actually in defence of their own country. It is not too difficult to convince a peasant brought up in peace and for peace that he must learn to wield arms and, if necessary, fight to defend his country, home, plot of land, and personal liberty. But what complicated and dangerous devices are needed to drag him into making wars of conquest, prestige, and supremacy! A policy of peace and balance, clear in its ends and simple in its means, will always have the possibility of finding wide and strong support among the masses of all countries. But public opinion, which is the expression of the masses, is everywhere mobile, impressionable, and liable to abrupt reactions, starts, contradictions, and passing deliriums. How little they realise what difficulties that mobility can put in the way of what they most desire!

For instance, look at what is happening at present. Never has there been such an ardent longing for peace all over the world. And yet all the peoples are allowing themselves to be won over more and more by a veritable rage for isolation, an absolute terror of contacts. That tendency is more apparent in Anglo-Saxon countries, but

it is almost as marked even in the Continental countries most desirous of finding alliances. And it is from these difficulties and contradictions that the future policy of balance must be disentangled.

Some interesting revelations of secrets of the whisky distillers' "mystery" were recently made by Mr. Alec Gordon, from Speyside, at a luncheon given by Mr. S. H. Hastie, Director of the Scottish Malt Distillers, Ltd., at the Savoy Hotel. "The excellence of whisky to-day," he said, "is largely due to the good judgment of those men who, in their generation, had the essential knowledge to select the sites" (with reference particularly to the quality of the water used in distilling). Fermentation is so vigorous that the frothing-up in the vessels would cause overflow and loss, but mechanical means are now used to control it. In the old days, a sapling tree ten to twelve feet long was employed to bear down the frothing liquid. Two stills are used, and it is here that art and experience are most in demand. The first runs, known as foreshot, and the last runs, known as feints, are returned to the process, and only the middle run, which is the cream of the distillation, is utilised as the whisky put on the market.

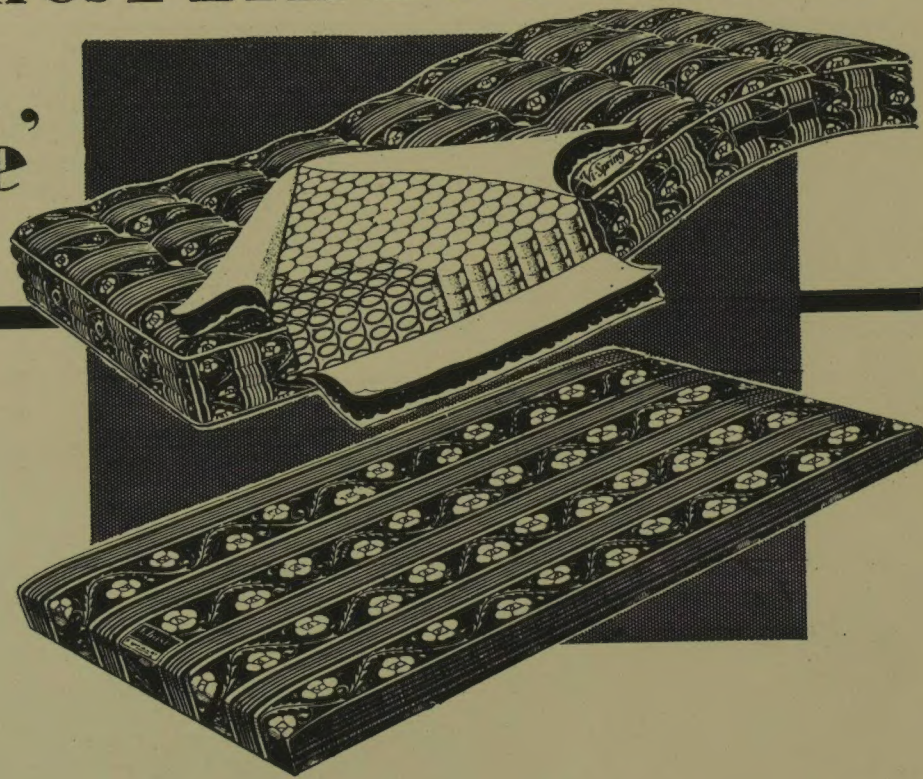
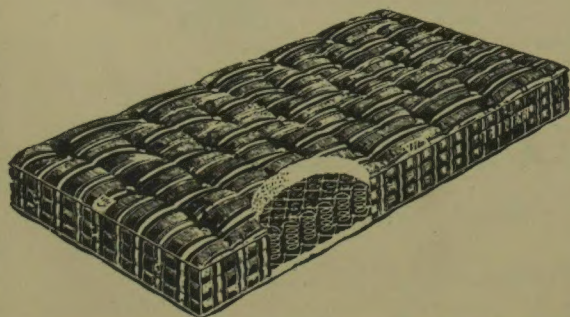
Messrs. Carters, the famous seedsmen and nurserymen, do the public a great service in issuing their "Blue Book of Gardening" (Carters Tested Seeds, Ltd., Raynes Park; is.) at such a moderate price. As many of our readers are already aware, this "Blue Book" is a mine of information on culture both of flowers and of vegetables, special sections being devoted to this; while there is also an extremely interesting article on "The Construction of a Private Putting Course," by Reginald Beale, F.L.S.; and many invaluable hints on the construction of new lawns, "worms and worming," and "weeds and weeding." The list of new varieties includes "Orange Flare," a remarkably handsome sweet pea with a colour like a flaming torch; a new antirrhinum; two new godetias; a new strain in cinerarias—and in the vegetable garden, a new "fruit" tomato, the description of which is enough to make one's mouth water. It peels like a peach, we are told, and its flavour is exquisite.

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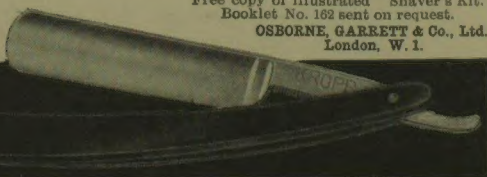
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